

ALL FOR CHRIST:
CHRIST FOR ALL.

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ALL FOR CHRIST: CHRIST FOR ALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LIFE AND LABOURS

OF

WILLIAM M. BAILEY.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S SON," "MINISTERS WORKERS TOGETHER
WITH GOD," ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS little book ought to have appeared much earlier. No one regrets this more deeply than the writer, especially as several of Mr. Bailey's most intimate friends, who had a strong desire to see it, have since passed away to their rest and reward. The almost continual pressure of other duties, so that a few consecutive days could not be devoted to the work, is the only reason for the delay. Composed under such circumstances, the book doubtless will show marks of haste and imperfection which the reader would wish away. But I believe that the character and labours of Mr. Bailey are faithfully pourtrayed, and therefore this memorial will be prized by his numerous friends and admirers. In compiling it, it has been a great advantage to have Mr. Bailey's diary at hand, and several valuable communications I have been favoured with, to the writers of which I here return my best thanks, and think it right to distinctly mention the names of Matthew Robins, Richard Vaughan, William Gilbert, William Rowe,

H. W. Lillington, William Higman, John Maynard, and F. J. Wheeler. From my late dear friends, R. P. Tabb, and F. Martin, I also received communications of great interest.

I have only to say further, this little book has a purpose. How to reach the masses? is a question often asked in a tone that indicates a feeling of despair as to receiving a satisfactory answer. We build chapels, but frequently the people do not come to them; we compose sermons, but there are hardly any to listen to them. *Why*, this little book, I think, indicates; and if all ministers, and other workers for Christ, drank more deeply into Mr. Bailey's spirit, and adopted more freely his methods, the most difficult problem of our times would be solved. And then,

“ Though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.”

F. W. BOURNE.

14 BELMONT ROAD, CLAPHAM, S.W.,
January 1880.

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OF

WILLIAM M. BAILEY.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

WILLIAM METHERALL BAILEY, the son of John Bailey, and Susanna Bailey his wife (formerly Susanna Metherall), was born at Jacobstow, in the county of Cornwall, on the 21st May 1795. His parents were poor, but respectable people. They returned to Werrington, their native place, when he was a little boy. The goodness of God inclined them to send him to an old woman's school, where he learned to read. As learning was to him a pleasure, he learned fast, and was soon able to read the New Testament and other books. He left school, and began to earn his living very early in life. After some changes of residence and occupation, and when about twenty-three years of age, and after having (with a companion, who became a

church missionary, subsequently the incumbent of a parish in Cornwall, and remained his dear friend) the offer of an education at one of the universities, with the view of entering the church, which he declined, he entered upon his great life-work as a Bible Christian minister, which he prosecuted for many years with unflagging energy and success. He was married in Kingston Church, Portsea, January 19, 1832, to Miss Elizabeth Read, of Chatham (who was a member of one of the oldest Wesleyan families); one son only was born to them, who was baptized by Mr. Francis Martin, one of Mr. Bailey's most beloved and intimate friends. Mrs. Bailey died on the 5th of October 1855, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight; and some years later (in 1863) he married Mrs. Pidgeon, of Ryde, who survives him, and whose kindness to him is gratefully remembered. Mr. Bailey ceased to itinerate in 1849, and settled down in the Isle of Wight, first at Newport, afterwards at Ryde, and last of all at Shanklin, where he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 2nd March 1873. These personal references are intentionally brief and scanty, it being the object of this little book to deal almost exclusively with the inner life of Mr. Bailey, and his labours for Christ and souls, which were so greatly blessed by God. Mr. Bailey was rather slightly built, and under the middle height. But what Mr. Lynch said of Zaccheus is also true of him, that what he wanted in size he made up for in sagacity. He had a good constitution, much bodily strength, and indomitable energy and courage, and was able to walk many miles, and to endure great hardships, under which most men would have succumbed. But he had ready wit, and a wonderful power of sympathy. He was able to think, and feel, and act with others, and to make others think, and feel, and act with him. There was nothing particular to strike a stranger

in his face or features, and yet many persons must have often noticed a brightness in his glance, and a smile of benevolence light up his face that made it strangely beautiful and attractive. The one prevailing expression of his face was honesty, which was not only apparent when his natural firmness and decision of character were there seen ; but when these relaxed their hold, as they often did, and kindly emotions ruled. He invariably put his trust in God, and earnestly tried to do the right fearlessly, and he has his reward.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH.

CONVERSION is the turning-point in a man's life. The times of ignorance God winks at ; but when these are followed by times of illumination, then men should repent and be converted, turn right round, that times of illumination may be followed by times of refreshing, to be continued until the times of the restoration of all things. Mr. Bailey's spiritual awakening was extraordinary. One word will best describe it in all its stages—*thoroughness*. His convictions were not slight, but deep ; his purpose was not wavering, but fixed ; his terrors and his joys were alike terrible in their intensity and force. God had not given him an easy, frivolous nature, which could be satisfied with the smallest measure of grace and a superficial kind of religion. When quite a child he read of the sufferings of Christ for his sins, and his heart became much affected. When only nine or ten years of age, such subjects as Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell engaged, almost engrossed, his thoughts. He says: “I knew that I should die soon, but I could not bear to think of dying in my sins, for I knew if I did I must go to hell. I trembled at the thought of Christ's coming to judge the world, as the destinies of men would then be fixed. Hell I looked at as a place of extreme torment ; and the thought of going there made me weep, and tremble, and pray from time to time. Heaven I thought of as a place of perfect happiness, to which all good people went

when they died ; but as I was not fit to die, I had no hope that I should go to heaven. While my father was singing in the church I sometimes felt the influence of the Blessed Spirit in my soul, and had a wish to dwell for ever in heaven with Christ and the holy angels. A prayer-book which had been given me I read much, and in order that my parents might see and feel that *they* were sinners, I used to read to them too. After I was bound an apprentice, awful to relate, *I saw nothing but sin* ; no prayer from year's end to year's end. Sabbath-breaking, lying, drunkenness, song-singing, card-playing, and almost every evil, were constantly indulged in. The current was so strong that I was carried away in the flood. I learned to swear, to tell lies, to get drunk, to wrestle, to fight, and proud of my strength and activity, wrestling and fighting became almost a habit with me. But the Lord still strove with me in a powerful manner. I often was greatly alarmed at the thought of dying in my sins. Sometimes I was afraid to go to sleep at night, or to walk by day, lest God should suddenly cut me off, and cast me into hell. I swore once that I would be revenged on a man that had not pleased me in some trifling matter, but I thought of God looking down on me, and I could not do it. For the next six weeks I was in great terror night and day. I was afraid to walk the fields. The Methodists preached in a house near, but so blind was I that I thought they were the false prophets about whom I read in the New Testament. When about sixteen years of age I attended one of their meetings with the intention to mock and persecute them. But when I came to the door I was seized with convictions, and trembled greatly. When I got into the house I felt like a robber caught in the very act of stealing, and thought that I was the greatest sinner present or in the world, and that all the people knew it.

The preacher set his eyes on me, and described my character as clearly as if it had been written in a book, though I suppose he never before saw me. I trembled more than ever. I thought if he were a false prophet he prophesied the truth concerning me ; and whether other people were right or wrong, I was in the high road to ruin. I determined to turn to God at once. I ran home from the meeting, praying all the way. I began to lead a new life, but found it hard to part with *all* my sins. And to part with my sinful companions was the hardest of all. But I plainly saw that if I did not forsake *all*, take up my cross and follow Christ, I must lose my soul at the last. So I told my companions if they would not go to heaven with me, I would not go to hell with them. For twelve months, in order to avoid them, I never went to church or meeting, but spent my Sundays in reading, praying, and fasting. My name was now cast out as evil. Some pitied me, said I was deranged, others derided me, and denounced me as a Methodist fool. I might swear, and tell lies, and break the Sabbath, and do all manner of evil ; but when I left off my sins, and turned to God, then I was branded as a fanatic, pitied as a madman, denounced as an enemy. My master turned against me too. But I was determined for heaven at all events, and I said, if I was not allowed to go to the meetings, provided I did not neglect my work, I would leave at once. I plainly saw that it was *now* or *never*. The alternative was, repent and believe in this world, or be damned in the next. Matt. v. 10-12 : 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets

which were before you,' and other precious Scripture promises, greatly encouraged me. My father and mother also turned against me, but through ignorance more than anything else, fearing my worldly prospects would be injured. My brother was very angry, and he greatly persecuted the preachers for turning me out of my mind, as he thought they had. I prayed much for my relatives, but for some time they appeared to get worse and worse. As I had no place for prayer in the house, I made the barn, the stables, and sometimes the pig's house or the fields, my closet. I learned by experience that

'The temple, cottage, land, and sea,
Were consecrated all by Thee;
And where Thou dost reveal Thy face,—
What more can consecrate that place.'

"I was, if possible, more diligent in attending to my Master's work than before. Soon the opposition in a measure ceased. After a while my master said I might go to the meeting if I would, and that he did not think the devil could hinder me. I attended the meetings at every opportunity, read and prayed much, and generally fasted on Sunday. But going out of the way of Providence, I was so tried that I could neither work, read, nor pray. I wanted to know and do the will of God, but what that will was did not seem clear. At this juncture, I had a tempting offer to go and live with a gentleman, but when I went to the house to make arrangements, I felt forbidden by the Spirit (Acts xvi. 7); and that if I did I should lose my religion. Matthew xvi. 25 was applied powerfully to my mind : 'For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.' I was at times so happy that I could shout and sing aloud the

praises of God. One morning I awoke myself, singing—

‘ I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.’

“ I was as happy as I could live ; my language was—

‘ My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.’ ”

About this time, Mr. Bailey’s mind was much exercised about joining the Church. He could not unite with one body of people, though they were the first to encourage him in the “good old way,” because their religious opinions differed from his own, nor to another, because he thought too much distinction was made by them between the rich and the poor. Reasoning on these matters he got very near the precincts of Doubting Castle if he were not shut up as a prisoner within its walls. He says—

“ I did not feel my mind at rest, at least I had not constant peace. Once, when I applied for a situation, the gentleman asked me if I was a Methodist. I told him I prayed and read my Bible, and was what the world called a Methodist ; and as this announcement was displeasing to him, I took up my hat, telling him as I left, ‘ If I cannot serve God, I will not serve you.’ If I had been a drunkard, a swearer, &c., &c., I might have done, for drunkenness, swearing, &c., then suited most masters better than prayer, as they indulged themselves in these sins. I used to rise early to read my Bible and pray, and sometimes I should feel a sweet peace of soul, but not being properly instructed I could not say that my sins were pardoned, and I lived without having the witness of the Spirit that I was accepted in the Beloved.

“I was much pained by the conduct of some of the clergy, as at first I regarded them as angels, the special favourites of heaven, and envied them the great honour God had conferred on them, in calling them to preach His Gospel to sinners; I felt a burning desire to be engaged also in that great work. Dan. xii. 3: ‘They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever,’ and such passages, increased my desire to be employed for Jesus. It was well that it was not for my own ease or gain to be thus employed. ‘Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder, in the stores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man who gains his fortune from the blood of souls?’ But the deeper my convictions of sin became, and the more vividly I realised my own danger, the more clearly did it appear to be my duty to call sinners to repentance. It at length became so clear, and my conviction so strong, that my misery was almost more than I could bear. When at last I yielded in my mind to the will of God, I felt happier. I went out into highways and hedges, to invite all men to the Gospel feast. When I looked at my own weakness instead of looking to Christ, the Cross appeared so heavy that I thought I must sink under it. At length, in the place where I lived, I collected the old men and women together, as I thought they would not laugh at me and bring the Word of God into ridicule. At first when I began to pray with them, I used a printed form, but this was too dry to affect them much, as the letter took up my attention, and prevented me from lifting my heart unto God, as I ought to have done. I cried to the Lord to help me, but thought I could not pray well enough to pray in public. But the Lord soon gave me to see that

prayer did not consist of beautiful language, or volatility of speech, but that it was the fervent breathing of the soul after God for the blessing we need. And as all are sinners in the sight of God, and need the same blessings, I had only to pray for what I myself needed, to be a mouth-piece for the people. I took up my cross ; many of the people were much affected, and one woman was so deeply convinced of sin that she began to seek salvation with all her heart and soul. I have every reason to believe that while I am writing this she is in heaven. It now appeared to me I must leave all and go right away into the world, and offer life and salvation to as many as would repent and believe. But my faith being weak, I was afraid, and went and hid my talent in the earth. But among my neighbours and friends I began to be more zealous, and when I got a little bolder, I publicly announced my meetings. The house was soon filled with persons who came to hear. The first time I spoke from a text was at Beardon mill, in the parish of Boyton." His own experience doubtless determined the choice of a text. In view of his soul exercises what more suitable text could have been selected than Matthew xxvi. 41 : "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation ; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "The cross was heavy to take up," Mr. Bailey continues, "but it was lighter when it was up." His preaching gift he now frequently employed ; but the struggle is not yet over. Adversity can better be borne in a general way than prosperity. Mr. Bailey says—"As soon as the Lord began to bless me, I began to look more to myself and less to God, and instead of depending on the Spirit, I began to depend on poor little self. After studying one subject for two or three weeks, I thought I had a fine sermon and should be able to say something to the

purpose. I was repeating my fine spun sermon to myself all the way to the place where I was going to preach. Its features greatly pleased me. I thought, what a noble form it was ! A large company assembled ; I hardly gave myself time to pray, being all on fire to let the people see my little heap of dry bones. But in a moment all the life and beauty vanished, the bones that I had taken such pains to bring together all fell to pieces, and I could never join them together again. My countenance fell and my spirit sank within me. If I had not had a sermon in my pocket the people would have had a dumb priest that day. I read a sermon, it is true, but I was very much confused. When I returned home, I found it had been given out for me to preach, and the people were already assembled. I did not know what to do ; but at last summoned up courage to give out a hymn and pray ; and while I prayed, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, so that I could preach without using a form, and the Lord not only blessed me, but the people also. But, alas ! I fell the same night through spiritual pride. A farmer laying his hand on my shoulder, said, 'A wonderful sermon as ever was heard !' and Satan being a subtle enemy, and I but a poor weak creature, I fell into the snare, and the desire of praise burned in me like fire. I hardly slept that night, and could scarcely work the next day : I wanted to go around the village to hear something said about my fine sermon. If they spoke highly of me, I said nothing ; but if they were silent I was pained and disappointed. How true the words of the poet—

' I carry with me my own hell
While pride and wrath remain.'

By giving way to spiritual pride I grieved the good Spirit. The Lord hid His face and I was troubled. By

the Lord's favour my mountain had been strong ; but I was brought to desolation in a moment.

‘ My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turned into night.’

The Lord justly took from me all liberty and power of speaking in public ; the power for a time was wholly taken from me, and oh ! what a mercy it was I wasn't sent to hell. As I could not preach I read sermons to the people on the Lord's-day, as I thought if I were not saved some of them might be ; and so I strove with them morning, noon, and night, and thus I went on in distress of soul until I heard that despised, but faithful servant of Jesus, William O'Bryan. I believe I, and many others, shall have to bless God to all eternity for sending him to preach to us that day. On the invitation of Richard Sedwell, I met in class occasionally, and continued to hold meetings as before. I got much help, and should have got more if the members had been more alive to God. The feeling continued, if I remain in deep waters and never get to heaven, I will do my fellow-creatures all the good I can. In this state I continued till I went to the parish of Jacobstow to live.” He attended there a meeting of the Arminian* Bible Christians. “ As some of the friends knew me, they asked me to begin the meeting. The zeal, love, and fervour manifested that night was a glass in which I saw my shortcomings, which was a great blessing to my soul. As I soon after went to live in this part I continued to attend the meetings of the Bible Christians, but the meanness of their appearance much tried me, especially some of their preachers preaching in a fustian jacket. But I got over that, and looked more to what they said

* The word Arminian was dropped some years afterwards.

than what they wore. I attended the class meeting, and their deep experience, and the love they had one for another, fully satisfied me they were the people of God, and I gave in my name to be one of them. One memorable night I heard Mr. O'Bryan preach. His text was Isaiah liii. I got in behind the people, but not behind the devil. All the first part of the meeting I was shut up in unbelief, and a thick darkness overspread my soul. But when the speaker spoke of the satisfaction of Christ, and of the various ways in which God brought sinners to Himself, I said, *Lord, save my soul in any way*, and in a moment the mighty power of God came on me; all the unbelief and darkness was gone, and my soul was filled with light, and love, and liberty, and glory. I was fairly carried out of myself; and I ran about the house praising the Lord for very gladness. The day and the month I have forgotten, but the shining of the sun is evidence enough that it has risen. Mr. O'Bryan said after the meeting, 'Billy will be able to preach now.' This I found to be true, for I had got that in my heart which before I had only got in my head. I went home that night as I never did before. I was made a class leader shortly after, and the first time I met the members two were set at liberty. This was a fresh spring in my soul to work for God, but old Adam was not dead in me, and I saw the great need of sanctification. While speaking to others, the words were impressed on my mind, 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.' It was plain to me that I must be sanctified wholly before I could teach others the way to heaven perfectly. I was now brought into distress for a deeper work of grace. The more I acted in public, the greater need for holiness of heart. I spoke to men who enjoyed the blessing, and though I sought it night and day did not find it

myself. In my distress the Lord spoke to my soul the words, 'Ye are clean.' I lifted up my soul to God, but Satan came in with a great temptation, that if I gave way to my feeling I should make as great a noise as when the Lord pardoned all my sins, which would attract the attention of the people, and I was filled with shame. But I continued to seek, and one day returning in company with two friends from Canworthy-water, where I had been preaching on Rev. iii. 4, I was thinking of the white garments about which I had been preaching. I saw in a moment that they are clothed in the white garments who are washed in Jesus' blood, and that the blessing was received by faith the moment we believe. I cried, 'Lord, I believe this moment. Come, Lord Jesus, come now this very moment and seal me Thine for ever,' and it seemed to me that I was instantly surrounded by a bright light; my soul certainly was filled with light and glory, and it was as if a voice spoke to my outward ear, 'Thou art sealed unto the day of redemption.' I felt so overpowered that I must have sank down if the friends had not held me up; I shouted so loudly that the people could hear me a long distance off, as the devil told me they would, but he did not shame me then. Let lukewarm preachers and professors say what they will about shouting, it is good to sing praises unto the Lord. All do not obtain the blessing in the same way, but all receive the blessing through faith out of the fulness of Christ; 'If thou canst but believe, thou shalt see the salvation of God.' I was happier than I had ever been before. I could 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.' My soul was filled with God. My joy was unspeakable, I seemed to be overflowed with life everlasting. My call to the ministry, clear before, became clearer still. I felt my own weakness more;

but the promises were applied, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ ‘He is able to keep thee from falling,’ and I did not doubt that the Lord would so bless my labours at home, that the way would be opened for me, and I felt fully determined to obey God’s will.” And in this delightful frame of mind, Mr. Bailey left his home to engage in that work which was evermore the joy of his heart, and which his weakness, his hardships, his persecutions, could hardly damp for a single moment.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PULPIT.

MR. BAILEY'S call to the work of the ministry was clear and unmistakable. He was not a man-made, but a God-sent, minister. Whether saved himself or not, we have seen that he felt he must warn others to flee "from the wrath to come." Before he could fully rejoice in Christ as his Saviour, he was compelled to exercise his gift in beseeching his fellow-men to be reconciled to God. Necessity was laid upon him, yea, he might have said "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." "It was said of Alleine, by one who knew him intimately, that 'he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls.' When he might have had a fellowship at his university, he preferred a chaplaincy, because he was inspired with an impatience to be occupied in direct ministerial work. 'Do not enter the ministry *if you can help it*,' was the deeply sage advice of a divine to one who sought his judgment." So speaks Mr. Spurgeon in one of his college lectures on *The Call of the Minister*; and if, he continues, "any student in this room could be content to be a newspaper editor, or a grocer, or a farmer, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a senator, or a king, in the name of heaven and earth, let him go his way; he is not the man in whom dwells the Spirit of God in its fulness, for a man so filled with God would utterly weary of any pursuit but that for which his inmost soul pants. If, on the other hand, you can say that for all the wealth

of both the Indies, you could not and dare not espouse any calling so as to be put aside from preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, then, depend upon it, if other things be equally satisfactory, you have the signs of this apostleship." The late Rev. William Arnot says, "We need not ministers that may or that will, but ministers that *must* preach the Gospel." Even the great Apostle Paul confesses frankly "he was kept at his work as a slave is by the sound of the whip behind him." If any reader is startled by this representation, "let him turn the subject over, and give it a second thought; he will see that this is God's way of keeping His servants to their work, and that His way is very good.

"Analogy will help us here. In our physical constitution, provision is made for the entrance of pain. We smart when our flesh is wounded or a bone is broken; we suffer severe pain when we are in want of water or food. These pains—or, *east* the machinery that produces them—have been inserted into our constitution by the hand of God. Behold, they are very good: they are the stern executioners of a wise and benevolent government, charged to watch when danger approaches us, and sharply prompt us to ward it off. The pain of a wound is our Maker's messenger to send us forth quickly in search of a cure; the pain of thirst, His messenger to send us forth quickly in search of living water.

"It is the same wisdom and mercy that compel our spirits, by a kind of lashing which they feel, to avoid hurts and seek earnestly that which heals. It is consonant with God's way to keep His creature busy with useful work by pressing him with pain if he indolently or ignorantly cease. Paul preached the Gospel to Jews and Gentiles, to friends and foes, in season and out of season,—preached night and day, by sea and on dry

land,—preached without intermission, for this among other reasons, that when he relaxed he was scourged as with scorpions. Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

The Rev. C. Stanford says: "We want the man who says, 'I must preach or die' the man who is like a certain student who, when told that his precarious health would keep him from entering the mission field, said, 'You *must* let me go; I *may* die, but I shall die the sooner if compelled to stay at home;' the man whose words, once set going, will ride on like a cavalry charge, and whose life you can no more turn than you can turn a tornado; the man who, if possible, will carry everything before him, who if flung, will fight upon his knees, or if driven with his back against the wall will stand—stand like a beaten anvil, stand as Antipas stood, one against all; that is the man for the day. We want a few such irresistibles."*

Mr. Bailey was *thrust* into the vineyard by the Lord of the harvest, but even the Lord could not *compel* His servant to enter on this course wholly till his convictions had so deepened as to be almost irresistible, and the evidences in the conversion of sinners had multiplied and accumulated on every hand. First, one or two were converted at a time under his preaching, then little groups of three or four, then again many cried for mercy, and ten or twelve would in one service decide for Christ. And soon the *gleanings* became almost as precious as the harvest had before been. Mr. Bailey began to speak to the people about their souls as he returned from the meetings, and one and another were in this way brought to Christ. According to his faith, he says, it was done unto him. In his first, as in every circuit afterwards, his word was with power, and multi-

* "Homilies on Christian Work."

tudes were saved, both of men and women. Richard P. Tabb, himself a successful preacher of the glorious Gospel for more than half a century, and an evangelist of no mean order, says, that the year Mr. Bailey spent in the Michaelstow circuit, he, with many others, was won to Christ. And though their minister was both young in years and in the work of preaching, he watched over his people, especially over the lambs of the flock, with fatherly kindness. “‘He was gentle among us, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.’ The memory of those days of sweet simplicity, of vigorous life, of abounding joyfulness, and of mighty fervour, is very pleasant and refreshing. The quarterly meetings at that period were often seasons of wondrous grace. On my way to the first, soon after my conversion, when I got near Treveighan, I inquired of a farmer the way. He told me that a little farther on the people were assembled, and that I might follow the sound as a safe guide. This I found to be the case, for a number of the young converts were singing with great earnestness the beautiful hymn which begins—

‘ Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born :
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.’

“This choir had long been accustomed to sing the drunkard’s song, but now, with the spirit, and with the understanding also, they sang with grateful exultation—

‘ But oh, the power of grace divine !
In hymns we now our voices raise ;
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise ! ’ ”

One of Mr. Bailey’s colleagues in the Falmouth

circuit, Mr. W. Hopper, writing to him in 1869, recalls the fact, that in that circuit they witnessed a great and glorious revival. At the midsummer quarterly meeting, it was found that there was a net increase of 319 members. Mr. Bailey's remarkable sayings and zealous efforts and fervent prayers were important factors in bringing about this grand result. He might have adopted the language of the Apostle Paul as his own : “Now thanks be unto God, which *always causeth us to triumph in Christ*, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us *in every place*.” But in the far-famed Isle of Wight Mr. Bailey spent many years of his ministerial life, and his labours there the Lord honoured and blessed in a most signal manner. His first sermon on the island was preached at *Wootton Bridge*, when God delightfully manifested His favour. And the cloud of divine glory seemed to rest always on the assemblies of His people. Enemies were numerous, ridicule was common, persecution was bitter ; but the Gospel of Christ mightily prevailed. If unbelievers came into the gatherings of the Lord's people the secrets of their hearts were often manifest, and, falling on their face, they worshipped God, confessed their sins, and acknowledged that God was with His servants of a truth.

And yet there were persons who ever and anon declared that Mr. Bailey had no authority to preach the Gospel. Blind eyes were opened, and deaf ears were unstopped, yet he had no authority to preach the Gospel ! Hard hearts were softened, dark minds were enlightened, rebellious wills were subdued, and yet he had no authority to preach the Gospel ! The careless were awakened, the guilty pardoned, backsliders restored, reprobates reclaimed, and yet he had no authority to preach the Gospel ! The arrogance of some pretended successors of the apostles fills us with amaze-

ment, and their impotence to do the Lord's work inspires a feeling which alternates between pity and contempt. They remind us in their disdain of "unauthorised teachers" of a scene in the life of Christ. The scribes and Pharisees came to Him after He had wrought many of His mighty miracles,—after He had healed the sick, and fed the hungry multitude, and cleansed the lepers, and cast out devils, and raised the dead, and said, "Master, we would see a sign from heaven, that Thou doest these things." Why the miracles themselves were the sign from heaven ! And it is not a whit less ludicrous for the episcopally ordained clergyman, yet hopelessly incompetent to do spiritual work, to demand of such men as William Bailey their authority to preach the Gospel. Such persons forget that,

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Power to preach is authority to preach, and men who know they possess the power, dare not despise the heavenly gift. One good woman told a late eminent prelate, when he tried to persuade her to influence her husband against Mr. Bailey and the meetings, "that she did not know much about such matters, but her husband was so changed since he had gone to the meetings that she could not think of doing that."

Mr. Bailey must, we suppose, be classed among the *eccentric* preachers ; but in that respect he is surely in good company. Hugh Latimer, the faithful bishop and brave martyr, was deemed eccentric ; and so was John Bunyan, the popular preacher and divine dreamer ; and so was John Berridge, the faithful servant of Christ and gracious saint ; and so was Rowland Hill, the zealous evangelist ; and so is Mr. Spurgeon, the prince of modern preachers. Every man of power and origin-

ality, who is content to be himself, natural, unconventional, who abhors all affectation, who allows his own special gift to have *free* which is only *fair* play, is sure to be called odd and eccentric, and is often denounced as if it were a crime to be such. But we must furnish our readers with a specimen or two of Mr. Bailey's eccentricity, so that they may judge for themselves. He preached at the Langtree Conference in 1834, choosing Acts v. 42 for his text.

“And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.” After a few introductory remarks he proceeded in some such strain as this : “The subject of the Apostles’ preaching was Jesus Christ. Not Dr. Clarke, not Mr. Benson, not James Thorne, not William Reed, not Mr. Hocken, not William Bailey ; no, it was Jesus Christ. They preached Him as a universal Saviour. Yes, the Apostles saw as Jesus Christ saw, that He came into the world to die for *all* : their eyes had not been anointed with Calvin’s Geneva eye-salve. They preached Him as a complete Saviour : oh yes, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin ; ever so much more efficacious than the Pope’s holy water.

“*Daily* in the temple. The Apostles commenced Sunday morning, and kept on Sunday all day. But how about Monday ? Oh ! at it again on Monday, and at it again on Tuesday, and at it again on Wednesday, and at it again on Thursday, and at it again on Friday, and at it again on Saturday, and Sunday morning they set out afresh. Now some preach a sermon once a month, and some once in twelve months ; and once I heard of a bishop who preached a sermon once in twelve years. Up at Canterbury there was a great bell without a clapper ; and the bishop, and parsons, and churchwardens met to consult about putting a clapper

in this great bell. Presently up rose one of the parsons and said, 'Now you are making such a fuss about putting a clapper in this great bell; there's a bell,' referring to the bishop, 'that has not struck a stroke these twelve years.* I pray God to unhang them, or put clappers in them. Daily in the temple! Sometimes when you are making out the plan one comes in and says, 'Now, Brother Bailey, don't you plan me so far;' and another, 'Now, Brother Bailey, don't you plan me so often;' and yet perhaps last quarter they were not planned above three or four times. Now, I'll tell you what sort of preachers I like: I like preachers like old gardener Stevens down in Cornwall. At one time the Wesleyan minister was making out the plan, and one came in and said, 'Now, sir, don't you plan me so far;' and another, 'Now, sir, don't you plan me so often;' but the old gardener came in and said, 'Now, sir, you plan me every Sunday, and wherever you like.' That's the preacher I like.

"Daily in the temple, and in *every house*. Some preachers will preach when they are in the pulpit; but when they get into the people's houses they say, 'Where's the newspaper?' Shepherds, the devil will have you if you don't mind."

One of Mr. Bailey's hearers on that occasion says: "During the delivery of this discourse, which was quite characteristic from beginning to end, one moment you could not forbear smiling, and the next you would be smitten as if with a thunderbolt, or crushed as if a rock had fallen upon you."

It fell to Mr. Bailey's lot to preach the official sermon to the Conference of 1846, which was held that year in King Street Chapel, Devonport. The text announced

* Mr. Bailey must have had in his mind, we think, a passage in Latimer's Sixth Sermon, preached before King Edward VI.

was 2 Tim. iv. 1, 2; but he was not in the habit of strictly confining himself to his text, and he did not on that occasion. He was a *free lance*, and he could never have been trained and drilled to always act as conventional propriety would dictate. He made frequent reference during his sermon to Acts v. 42. He dwelt lengthily and with much force on the way in which the Apostles preached the Word of God, and then on how ministers should preach it still, and having succeeded in securing the complete sympathy of his audience, he made a personal appeal to several of the older preachers present. “Brother Tabb, do you intend to preach the Word like that? Brother Kinsman, will you preach the Word like that? Brother Prior, will you preach the Word like that? Brother Martin, will you preach the Word like that?” He appealed to a few others in the same way. In some instances there was a response that with God’s help they would so preach His Word to the people. This singular appeal to the ministers caused some young person sitting in the gallery to laugh, as the preacher thought, in derision. Instantly perceiving this, he fixed his eyes on the offender, and said, “Young woman, what are you laughing for? Remember there will be no laughing in hell.” He then proceeded with his discourse, a most remarkable influence pervading the assembly, causing many to feel, “How dreadful is this place! It is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.”

Personal appeal wisely used is a marvellous power, and Mr. Bailey not unfrequently used it with great effect. He was once preaching at R—— on the awful text, Rev. vi. 17: “For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?” He first described the wrath of God in the most vivid and affecting terms. We were powerfully reminded of this description when

we read in the life of the sainted Thomas Collins his remarks on the perdition of ungodly men. Mr. Bailey had not, we suppose, heard Mr. Collins, but the reader can easily imagine the thrill such language as the following would produce when employed by a God-filled and God-inspired man like Thomas Collins or William Bailey.

“O sinner! if thou be lost, devils, all malice, all unrestrained, will gather round thy perished soul, as vultures do around a carcass. Thou wilt be their prey. Thee they will pursue. Thee they will tear. They will coil round thy heart like serpents. They will sting thee like adders.

“Evil-doer! weigh well the solemn words written concerning Achan, Josh. xxii. 20: ‘That man perished not alone in his iniquity.’ Who ever did? There, all ruined by thee will meet thee. After carousal comes quarrel; when the store is spent, the feast ends in a fray. There, all the jollity of sin over, all rejoicing done, the seducer and his victim, the deceiver and his dupe, the tyrant and the oppressed, the murderer and the slain, confront each other. What a meeting! What reproaches! What rage! What endless strife!

“In sickness there is hope of recovery; in prison, of liberty; in exile, of return; but hope is dead in hell, each horror is ‘for ever;’ the sinner’s *mittimus* says, ‘Eternity,’ ‘eternity,’ is graven on the gates, and written on the walls. ‘Eternity’ is the taunt of the tormentors. Every burning wind howls out, ‘Eternity;’ every hollow cave echoes back, ‘Eternity.’

“O sinners! flee, while ye may, to Jesus. Flee from ‘the wrath to come!’ Could you count the stars of the sky, and the rays of the light, and the leaves of the forest, and the blades of the grass, and the drops of the deep, and the sands of the shore, your huge arithmetic, when ended, would have failed to reach the smallest

fraction of the measureless eternity through which, 'except ye repent, ye must all likewise perish.' "

The appeal which followed Mr. Bailey's description of the wrath of God on the occasion referred to, could not have had the effect it had, if the foundation for such an appeal had not first been carefully laid. We have heard the sweetest and most blessed of all invitations, "Come to the Saviour," repeated parrot-like, almost endlessly, with scarcely any variation, but without any effect, first of all, because the preacher had failed to discourse on the divinity of Christ's Person, and the perfection of Christ's character, and the sufficiency of Christ's atonement, and the greatness of Christ's love, and the preciousness of Christ's promises, and, moreover, because he had failed to clearly explain what it was for the sinner to come to the Saviour. No such mistake was made by Mr. Bailey; and, therefore, the appeal was irresistible. Many a hearer already trembling at the picture of the wrath of God, red, and lurid, and alarming, was more than half-inclined to cry for mercy or flee for refuge to the only hope set before him in the Gospel, when Mr. Bailey thundered out, "Will the sinners be able to stand?" And then with that peculiarity of his which preachers but seldom resort to, he inquired, "Will the liar be able to stand? The swearer? The Sabbath-breaker? The thief? The adulterer? The murderer? No, none of these," he continued, "will be able to stand." And then fixing his eye on one of the boldest and most determined unbelievers in the congregation, he asked, "Thomas —, will you be able to stand?" And as he fell on his knees crying for mercy, another and another, and yet another, was appealed to in the same way, with the same result, till the whole place was a Bochim, and the weepers refused to be comforted till Christ revealed Himself as their

Saviour. The reaction of feeling was very great, the joy of the congregation was almost tumultuous, as these verses were sung—

“Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

“Firm in the all-destroying shock
May view the final scene;
For, lo ! the Everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.”

It hardly need be added that Mr. Bailey was *popular* as a preacher in the best sense. The people gathered around him in troops when he first began to invite sinners to Christ, and his popularity never waned. Mr. Tabb says that when, in the year 1822, he was labouring in an adjoining circuit to Michaelstow, his old friends often visited him. He arranged to have a service at five o'clock on Christmas morning. Before that hour the house was filled, many of his hearers having walked seven or eight miles in order to be present. It was a time of great gladness. The message of *great joy* to all people was very precious to the early worshippers. The text was, “Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.” That blessedness was surely realised, as the people said one to another, “O taste and see that the Lord is good.” Their hearts were touched, their spirits were all aglow, their joy was unspeakable. It is recorded of one minister, that when dying he exclaimed, “I thank God I have preached a happy religion !” And William Bailey had the same joy. He preached because he possessed, yea, he revelled in a happy religion. Once when preaching from the words, “The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree,” he dwelt very forcibly on the truth that the

righteous man was a *happy* man. He appealed to one of his hearers of greater experience than any one else present, “*You* never in all your travels saw a *righteous* man that was not a *happy* man, have you?” But rejoicing with those that rejoiced, he could also weep with them that weep. His sunshine scattered the gloom of many a spirit, and the tenderness he felt and manifested for any in real trouble could have had its source only in deep communion with Him whose gentleness was such that He broke not the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax.

It was this thorough sympathy between Mr. Bailey and his hearers which both joy and sorrow did much to perfect, that enabled him to firmly resist all overtures to forsake the people of his early choice, and secure for himself a larger measure of worldly popularity and riches. “How a man of your ability and usefulness can be content to remain with such a small, poor, and despised people, and to be content with such a small pittance for your services, we cannot understand,” people often said to him. His answer was, “I have no wish to belong to a large or influential denomination, merely because it is large and influential, and I suppose the largest and most influential was once small, and poor, and despised; and as to my stipend, *that* is not small; why, sometimes we have *three hundred a year, three hundred a year!*—the number of souls that the Lord had that year given him and his coadjutors in the circuit. He did not preach for human applause, or earthly riches, or worldly distinction, but he preached, as much as one of Whitfield’s friends, *for a crown*. It is said of Howell Davies that as he was going to preach one Sunday morning, he was overtaken by a clergyman bound on the same errand, and who complained of the unprofitable drudgery of his profession, saying that he could never get more than

half-a-guinea for preaching. The Welshman replied, that he, for his part was content to preach *for a crown*. This so offended the mounted priest, that he upbraided the pedestrian for disgracing his cloth. "Perhaps," said Davies, "you will hold me still cheaper when I inform you that I am going nine miles to preach, and have only sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in. But the crown for which I preach is *a crown of glory*."

Mr. Bailey's popularity as a preacher was owing undoubtedly, in part, to his quaintness of expression, his fertility of resource, his brilliance of imagination, and that sparkling wit which flashed so frequently in his sermons and addresses. Once when preaching he was striving very earnestly to convince his hearers of their evil ways. A fly at this moment alighted on the Bible while he was telling the people, in burning and scathing words, that they would as certainly go to hell if they did not repent and forsake their sins,* as certainly as the fly was on the book ; and that the devil would as surely catch them as that he, the preacher, should catch the fly ; but he missed it, and that moment it flew away. But not disconcerted in the least, he turned his own failure to good account, by facetiously remarking, "There, there is one chance more for you ! You are not yet caught. There is one chance more for you ! You may be saved to-night." And the manner in which he urged that *now*, only *now*, against the hour of judgment, they might provide a place of safety, could hardly fail of inducing some of his hearers to decide at once for Christ. But *lasting* popularity has other and nobler elements than these. A love for souls which amounts to a passion, a sympathy with Christ in His redemptive purposes, which make them *ours* even as they are *His*,

* Repentance is to have the heart broken *for sin and from sin*.

a complete abandonment, an entire forgetfulness, of self, the flame of personal piety always burning brightly, much study of the Word of God and of human nature, much prayer for the Spirit's help, and a watchful eye to notice the leadings of Providence, freedom of utterance, and a tender compassion for the woes of even the sinful and degraded, all are essential to a popularity which rests on the solid foundation of the Divine approval. These elements Mr. Bailey possessed in a large degree, and hence his reputation and his influence increased more and more even unto the end.

His own feelings while preaching were, through life, of a most diverse character. If we were to construct a pulpit barometer indicating his spiritual temperature, and adopt his own words to describe it, it would range from "dead," when at the lowest point, passing by gradual changes to "dry," "moderate," "good," till it reached "blessed," "glorious," "wonderful." We know not whether any results followed when both preacher and people were "dead," but marvellous manifestations of Divine power were often witnessed when the preacher had had a "dry" time. As to the causes of these differences, Mr. Bailey took the blame of the "dead" and "dry" times chiefly to himself, attributing his failures to his own unbelief, or slackness in prayer, or unwatchfulness of spirit; but sometimes it is traced to the coldness of, or the want of love among, professors, or to the fact of their having lost their "prayer-book." Men were so frequently turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, under his preaching that the cry for mercy was the usual response to the sermon, and the shouts of believers the glad music of their gatherings. Commonly too, in the earlier years of his ministry, there would be

strange physical manifestations which have not unfrequently accompanied great religious awakenings, and intense emotion. Mr. Wesley thus describes the wonderful effects of the preaching of John Berridge, of which he was an eye-witness :—“ While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the churchyard to make room for those who came from far ; therefore I *saw* little, but *heard* the agonising of many panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained by the multitude of people to come out of the church and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded would have dropped, but others, catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust, and with the hard trodden grass on which I saw her lie, with her hands clenched as one dead. When the multitude dispersed, another roared and screamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omit the rejoicing of believers, because of their number, and the frequency thereof, though the manner was strange ; some of them being quite overpowered by the Divine love, and only showing enough of natural life to let us know they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal.” Many pages might be filled from Mr. Bailey’s diary with descriptions similar to the above, but the recognition of the fact is all that is necessary here.

Like his Master, Mr. Bailey was a dear lover of

children, nor was he ever happier than when preaching to the little ones, whose attention he never failed to arrest, and whose love and confidence he invariably won. Even in heaven, he thought, that, surrounded by a troop of saved children, he should find in them one of his chief joys.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE PLATFORM.

M R. BAILEY was a faithful and impressive preacher, but on the platform he appeared to even greater advantage than in the pulpit. His speeches were nearly always, especially on missions and teetotalism, most effective. So great was his faculty of illustration, so bright and frequent the coruscations of his wit, intermingled occasionally with powerful sarcasm and touches of true pathos, that his hearers could hardly fail to be profited and delighted in an almost measureless degree. He was *at home* in the pulpit, in house-to-house visitation, in the social circle, in the business gathering, in open-air preaching, but he was emphatically at home on the platform. One of my earliest recollections of him is at a missionary meeting, when he was the chief speaker. Listless as the congregation had been before he got on his feet, I distinctly remember the surprise I felt that his mere rising should send a thrill of expectation through the audience, and the electric effect which his first words produced. I cannot recall a single illustration, but the twofold impression with which I left that meeting I can never lose, viz., that the Gospel was the only effectual remedy for all the world's woes, and that the very grandest vocation was to be a *missionary of the cross*. And persons who have heard the missionary enterprise advocated by the greatest modern missionaries,—who have listened to William Knibb's fiery declamation, and Dr. Alexander Duff's noble eloquence, and Dr.

Moffat's great achievements, narrated with child-like simplicity and fervour, and to many others only less eminent—have declared that not any one or all of them succeeded in placing its true grandeur in so impressive a manner before their hearers as did William Bailey on some occasions. The next time I saw him was again at a missionary meeting. His simple narrative of his own trials and triumphs was as fascinating as a romance. He lived his life over again that night, and his hearers were his chosen friends and companions. They felt the blows he had received, shared the ridicule and scorn heaped upon him, rejoiced with him in the victories of grace, and speaker and hearers magnified the Lord together. It was the first time that I had spoken a few words on that subject. Mr. Bailey, while describing the scene when he was set upon by a mob who hurled missiles at him fast and furious, many of them hitting him on the head so that the blood streamed in all directions, turned suddenly on me, and said, "You would not mind a broken head or two, would you?" and without waiting for my answer, went on to say, "If you would, you're not worth a straw, and you shall never come on the missionary platform again with me." Many preachers besides can testify how he tried to inspire them when they were young men with his own courage, to make cheerfully any sacrifice, submit gladly to any pain, to endure uncomplainingly any privation or suffering, if they could only thereby advance the kingdom of Christ. One who heard him speak at a little chapel in Queen Street, Lambeth, in 1853, says, without any hesitation, that if that speech had been delivered in Exeter Hall the fame of it would have spread throughout the land as one of the grandest and most effective missionary orations that ever came from human lips. The enthusiasm throughout was intense, the excitement

towards the close causing a tension of feeling that was almost painful. We are glad that another of Mr. Bailey's hearers on that occasion happily retains some recollections of the speech which he delivered.

There was great excitement in the country at the time, the general opinion being that the Emperor of the French was meditating an invasion of England; Mr. Bailey waxed eloquent on the subject, and said if Napoleon and his army invaded England and succeeded in taking possession of our dear old country, it would be owing to the Church of Christ here not doing her duty. Jehovah might allow Napoleon to come as a scourge and a chastisement for our unfaithfulness; but "No," he said with great energy and enthusiasm, "Napoleon is not coming to England. There are too many God-fearing and God-loving people in dear old England for God to allow him to land on our shores *as a conqueror!*/* They say he is coming to London first, to carry away our beloved Queen as a prisoner to France! Well, I tell you this—I have engaged to *keep Napoleon out of the Isle of Wight*," and he shouted out, "*If he attempted landing there I would pray him to death* ; and if you London people allow him to come here, it will be your own fault!" Later in his speech he dealt as only he could with church members who are ever complaining of their difficulties and discouragements, who attribute their want of spiritual vigour, joy, and success to their trials and temptations—to the opposition in their homes or in their business. He said his life was not all sunshine and gladness; that he had difficulties as well as others, and that the devil often tried to trip him up, or to destroy him with his fiery darts, "but," he said, "I do not want to go to heaven just yet. I do not

* Mr. Bailey lived to see Napoleon come to England to find a safe refuge as an exile, as Louis Philippe had done before him.

doubt that my Heavenly Father will take me up some day, and that it will be much happier and better for me when I do go home, but I am not such a coward as some people appear to be : they want to die and go to paradise that they may have no more troubles and be out of the way of danger ; that they may be at rest, and sit, and sing, and make the heavenly arches ring with their songs, and anthems of praise ! ” (While thus speaking Mr. Bailey, by looks, gestures, and tone, very strikingly pourtrayed the timid, fearful, but yet seemingly heavenly-minded persons he was describing.) “ I do not wish to go away from this world yet ; there are so many living ‘without God and without hope ; ’ so many fast bound in sin and nature’s night ; so many in the hands of the enemy : and I feel the blessed Jesus who has saved William Bailey can save, and would like to save, all men ! I should like, therefore, if it be my Father’s will, to live longer yet to tell of the Saviour’s love and power to save ! I should like to live until the last sinner was converted — until the last rebel had grounded his arms at Jesus’ feet, until the last name had been registered in the Lamb’s Book of Life, and the old pen thrown away as eternally useless ! Then I should like to go home and close heaven’s door after me ! ”

A few days later at Union Street Chapel, Chatham, he succeeded, apparently without effort, in raising the feelings of the audience to a very high pitch of enthusiasm while graphically picturing the onward march of Christianity to universal triumph ; battling with her numerous foes, discomfiting them, scattering them, destroying them, or converting them into friends and helpers until the world should be won back to Christ, when the shoutings and rejoicings of holy ones in heaven would be echoed back by the saved on earth. “ The kingdoms

of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever!" The speaker then sought to encourage the members by describing the Church as sailing over life's sea to the haven of endless repose and security. He referred to the perils of the voyage—the rocks, both hidden and manifest, the shoals, the fierce winds and waves, so that the vessel, even with Christ on board, was beaten back by adverse forces,—then again, making sure progress; but the Pilot, equal to all emergencies, stronger than all antagonistic forces, was all the time skilfully and successfully conducting the gallant and glorious vessel towards the haven of glory! Then with great skill, and force, and animation, he represented the vessel as coming into harbour, with flags flying and colours all displayed, amid shoutings and rejoicings of all on board, and joyous welcomes from those on the "other shore!" And as if the scene was full in view, he cried out at the top of his voice, "*See! she is coming round the pier!* SHE IS COMING ROUND THE PIER!" The effect was electrical, and shouts of joy were heard in every part of the chapel. The next evening at Hartlip two points in his speech made a great impression. First, when he referred to persons who were full of doubt and distrust in relation to themselves, the missionary cause, and the cause of Christ in general. After speaking in forceful language of the inconsistency and unreasonableness of such a spirit, he said, "Friends! talk of distrusting God, doubting His power and willingness to save! such is the confidence I have in my Heavenly Father's faithfulness, and power, and love, after the hundreds of evidences I have felt, and seen, and known of His goodness and His grace, that I feel to say, sooner than I would distrust God, I would be cast with Daniel into the lions' den, walk with the three Hebrew children through the

fire, or go with the martyrs to the stake.” Also when he referred to the happiness that would be realised in this world when the Gospel had triumphed over all forms of error, superstition, and sin ; when Jesus would reign in all hearts, in all lands ! “ Oh ! ” he exclaimed, “ would we not have a good shout then ? why, we should all join in one shout of praise, one burst of triumphant song ! ” Then speaking personally to one or two persons in the congregation whom he recognised (well known as being remarkably quiet in their spirit and worship), he said, “ Brother—you would shout then, wouldn’t you ? ” “ Sister—she would shout glory then ; I’m sure she would ! ” Then turning to the right of the platform where the Misses Drawbridge were sitting, seemingly greatly enjoying the simplicity and zeal of Mr. Bailey, he said, “ Why the Misses Drawbridge would be able and willing to shout then ! would you not, ladies ? ” When they bowed assent, Mr. Bailey was so delighted that he began to shout, adding, “ I was sure they would ; yes, the Misses Drawbridge would shout then.” Then anticipating the objection, if all were converted, a missionary meeting would not be needed, nor preachers, that some one would say, “ Why, Brother Bailey, if all the people were saved you wouldn’t be wanted to preach, what would you do then ? ” “ I will tell you,” said he, “ what I would do ; I would turn chimney-sweep and go about sweeping your dirty chimneys, and when I got to the top in the early morning, I would wake up the neighbourhood with my shouts and praises ! ” This illustration, slightly varied, was a favourite one and frequently used. “ If the whole world were subjugated to Christ, what would you ministers do for a living ? ” “ Do, do,” said he, “ if I could do *nothing* else, I would turn chimney-sweep, and shout victory as I reached the top of every one of them.” This was his answer, too, to

infidels who taunted him with the inquiry, And what would you parsons do, if the world was converted? Once in the town of Ryde, when answering the taunt, he turned to the chairman and said, “ And would not you, sir? ” The gentleman answered affirmatively, though slowly and reluctantly, when Mr. Bailey said, “ Ah, if you would not, sir, I would vote you off the platform.”

His power as a platform orator was universally acknowledged, and the happy turn he gave to many a meeting must be fresh in the memory of multitudes.

Mr. J. Foster, now of South Australia, writes :—“ In 1854, Mr. William Bailey assisted as missionary deputation in the Isle of Wight East circuit. At that time I was stationed in the above circuit with Mr. R. Seldon. Mr. Bailey was with us one week and rendered great assistance ; but on two evenings especially he was very happy and very eloquent on the platform. At Wroxall his speech was on the conversion of the world to Christ, its *nature* and *blessedness*. In the course of his warm and energetic address on this important subject, he quoted the well-known passage—‘ And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.’ Then as a comment on the text he said, ‘ *And I should like to be the blacksmith to beat the last sword into a ploughshare ;* ’ and turning to me, who sat by his side on the platform, he said, ‘ And you wouldn’t mind blowing the bellows for once, would you ? ’ The next evening the missionary meeting was held at Shanklin, when Mr. Bailey got into the same happy strain, citing the same text with even greater enthusiasm, when I thought the same question would be put to me. But no. The eccentric, warm-hearted, and witty speaker said, ‘ *And I should like to plough in Farmer Ward’s*

field with the last share ; ' and turning to me as on the previous evening, he said, ' And you wouldn't mind driving the horses for once, would you ? ' "

Mr. M. Robins says: " At a missionary meeting in the Isle of Wight, after Mr. W. Reed and myself had spoken on the state of the world, Mr Bailey arose and said, ' Mr. Reed and Mr. Robins have been telling you a pretty tale ; it's enough to put you all out of heart. According to their account, I don't know when the world is going to be converted ; they seem to have forgotten that a nation is to be born in a day. Now, suppose God Almighty should convert all England, Monday ; all Ireland, Tuesday ; all Scotland, Wednesday ; how long will He be converting the world ? ' And after dwelling for some time on the promises, he turned to the success already realised as another ground of encouragement. Presently he said, ' There, there's another promise has popped into my head, and I am glad I thought of it. You know when I was here preaching I was not very particular ; sometimes I had my second division first, and my introduction last, and my application in the beginning. When I was a little wicked boy, I always flung the *first* stone that came to hand.' Presently he turned to the different departments of the work, and their relative importance, saying, ' It is of importance that we have people to pray, and of importance that we have people to collect, and of importance that we have people to give ; but I consider the ministerial department so much more important than all the rest, that if every hair upon my head was a man, I'd send him forth as a missionary ; and if I'd a heap of money as big as Carisbroke Castle, I would dig it out with a shovel, and send forth missionaries like a hail shower ! ' "

Many a hard blow has Mr. Bailey dealt at OLD BIGOTRY on the missionary platform. But he has

not received his *death-blow* yet. Moses tried to kill the monster, but, alas! in vain. It was very irregular for Eldad and Medad to prophesy in the camp, and so Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, cried, “My lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the LORD’S people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them.” The Lord Jesus Christ set His face boldly against bigotry, but it is notwithstanding still cherished by many of His followers. John came to Him and said, “Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name; and we forbade him, for he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us.” John did not object to the work, and how could he, seeing it was a good work, or to the worker, because his conduct was doubtless irreproachable, or to *his motive*, for the work was done in the name of Jesus; but he was to be forbidden because he followed not with them. But the grand tolerance of Jesus Christ is as little understood by His professed followers as His just intolerance is by His avowed enemies. “He that is not against us is for us,” while “he that is not for Christ is against Him.” The greatest of all the apostles manifested a magnanimity of soul that is at once a touching example, and a severe reproof. He writes, “Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of goodwill: the one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds; but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the Gospel. What then? *Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached, I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.*” A missionary in Ceylon once heard a most excellent and pious bishop say that it would be better for the people of India to

remain in heathen superstition, than that the Gospel should be preached among them by men not episcopally ordained. Darkness is better than light, unless the candlestick from which the light shines is of an approved ecclesiastical pattern. But then bigotry is indigenous to human nature. It must be fought and conquered in the heart, or it will give a tone and a colour to the whole of the outward life. Mr. Bailey once, perhaps more than once, fought such a battle himself, and he came off victorious. A revival of religion had broken out in a certain neighbourhood where another section of the Church besides his own had a footing. He wished to know whether it was his own people or the other thus blessed by God ; and his feeling at first was, so he confessed, that if it was not among his own people, the revival was nothing to him. But “Old Bigot” was not to have such an easy victory over him as that. He turned out of the road into a field, and there under a hedge he fought such a battle with his enemy on his knees, that he was but little troubled by him afterwards. Once, after that, he said, if you ask me whether the *revival* should be in our own chapel or in the chapel across the street ? my answer is, If ninety-nine will be converted in our chapel, and one hundred in the other, let it be *there* rather than *here*. “But,” Mr. Bailey continued, “‘Old Bigotry’ is not dead yet ; I wish he were and buried in a deep *grave*, the grave filled up with broken glass, rammed in so tight that it would be impossible for him to have a resurrection.” Then turning to each brother on the platform he said, “Brother A should dig his grave, Brother B read the burial service at his interment, Brother C preach his funeral sermon,” until every brother present had some task assigned him in connection with “Old Bigot’s” end.

Such was Mr. Bailey’s tact and readiness of resource and presence of mind, that any little interruption,

sufficient to disconcert some speakers, he would turn to such good account that the success of the meeting would be often enhanced. Thus when speaking at a missionary meeting in Grosvenor Street Chapel, Southsea, in 1849, he omitted, when referring to some circumstances which occurred at the rise of the denomination, to include some interesting incident. Mr. James Thorne reminded him of the omission. He turned to him instantly, and said, "*Thank you, Brother Thorne, a little mortar is very handy to fill up the holes.*" This sudden flash of wit electrified the congregation, and an enthusiasm was produced which was maintained throughout the meeting.

Again when speaking of the prospect of Christianity, he argued that the material, intellectual, and scientific progress of the age would only accelerate the final triumphs of the cross. Time is on the side of Christ's truth, and so are all useful discoveries and inventions. Through the agency of the printing press the Bible would be circulated among all people; railways and steamships would sooner convey the heralds of salvation all over the world, and the electric telegraph would flash the message of mercy in a moment to the very ends of the earth. Everything indeed was going forward with most rapid step. "*Everything*," he said, "*except the ladies bonnets*," alluding to a fashion which had just then been introduced, "*but they are going back as fast as ever they can.*"

The cry is sometimes heard from the perishing in some distant land, "Come over and help us," but the Church is not always ready to respond to the appeal. Many doors of usefulness are only once opened, and if not entered are for ever shut; and how a troop of young ministers, full of health and vigour, did not rush in at the right moment, was what Mr. Bailey could not

understand. No wonder that he exclaimed, “As there are mills now for almost everything, I wish there was one for grinding old men into young ones ! I would be ground up, and start off at once to win the world for Jesus ; and if Old Parr’s life pills would preserve my health and vigour, I would take them by the dozen, that I might the longer live, and swell the triumphs of the cross !”

Mr. Bailey did not expect others to make any sacrifice, or to bear any burden, or endure any privation, that he was not ready to make, or bear, or endure himself. He never referred to his own trials in the way of fault-finding, but he did sometimes refer to them to stimulate and encourage others. It was of Mr. Bailey that Billy Bray wrote : “ One of our preachers was called to preach to a very wicked people, and the Lord made him a great blessing to them. He has told me that, after he has done preaching at night, he has had no place to lodge in, and nothing to eat. He said that he had slept out in a cold, frosty night, and when he awoke in the morning he found it very hard work to get any heat in himself. The devil tempted him that his case was a bad one, for he had neither food nor lodgings, and his clothes were very poor. He had no friends, and all the people that were pious met in other societies. A member of another society said to him one day, ‘ You are fine fellows for beating the bushes, but we get the birds.’ The missionary then said to him, ‘ The day of judgment is coming, and then every bird-cage door will be thrown open, and every bird will fly to its own cage ; and then those will look foolish enough who have only got empty cages in their hand.’ This good man suffered hunger and thirst and poverty to do the Lord’s will ; and the devil was very busy in showing him that the Lord was a hard Master, and so tried to put him out of the way. But he could

not, for the dear brother was like St. Paul, and could say, 'None of these things move me.' When his clothes got poor, the devil would say, 'See how the Lord is serving thee, for thy clothes are just done, and what wilt thou do then?' But he trusted in the Lord, and He opened the heart of a Quaker Friend, who asked him one day, 'Is that all the clothes thou hast got?' And he said, 'Yes.' Then the Friend said, 'Come to my house, and I will give thee some clothes.' The Lord also opened the heart of another friend, who sent him some money. Then the missionary said, 'Now, devil, *I will chase thee all over this mission on penny loaves and water.*' So you see that this man loved souls; and he was made a great blessing in the neighbourhood, which had been a wretched one. And the dear Lord will reward the friends who helped him, for He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me.'"

Once when it fell to his lot to make the collection, as he was going from pew to pew several persons gave him a respectful nod instead of contributing to the funds of the Society. All at once he shouted out, "My dear friends, a bushel of nods won't fill the plate." When at another time the collector upset the plate and scattered the coin in all directions, Mr. Bailey said, "Let it roll into the plates, friends. It was made round, not to stay in the pocket, but that it might be employed in spreading the Gospel; and all kinds of money were made round—gold, silver, copper money; English, French, Russian—that all might be used in spreading the Gospel."

As a temperance advocate he was early in the field, and his popularity and usefulness were great. From his knowledge of the chemical properties of alcohol and its effects on the human constitution, he

spoke with authority. His facts he marshalled with great skill and force, and his appeals were solemn and most affecting ; but surely no denunciations of the traffic and the persons engaged in it were ever more scathing and terrible than his. And is there not a cause?

£140,000,000 are spent annually in Great Britain in intoxicating drinks ! 600,000 drunkards “reel home night after night to blast and wither the homes and happiness of their families !” If alcohol is, as Shakespeare names it, “The devil” if it is “The devil in solution,” its more modern name, if Robert Hall correctly described it, as “liquid fire” and “distilled damnation ;” or, if Adam Clarke might say of the drink, “It is not only the way to the devil, but the devil’s way into the drunkard,” then surely Mr. Bailey had some justification, in allusion to the vile compounds sometimes sold as wine and beer and spirits, in designating them THE DEVIL’S SPITTLE. “Alcohol,” we hear him exclaim, “is the devil’s most potent agent in destroying the bodies and souls of men ! Alcohol ! it is God’s greatest enemy in restraining the operations and quenching the influences of His Holy Spirit. Alcohol ! it is the world’s greatest curse, and the Church’s deadliest foe !” He warned his hearers against frequenting the public-house in such strong terms that he often aroused the anger of the publicans, though they could not but admire his fidelity. But God should have “every bit of breath in his body to help to blow such a monster evil away.”

But playful at times Mr. Bailey could not but be. He told “little drop drinkers,” who sheltered themselves under Timothy’s wing, that if they could prove that the wine Timothy drank was intoxicating, he would engage to raise him from the dead, and he should preach to them the next Sunday. Persons who said they could not do without the drink he compared to *great babies*

who had been used to the bottle so long, that when weaned, they still followed their mother about crying like children.

We have alluded to his powers of sarcasm, which he seldom used, because though the lightning might scathe and blast with destruction, it couldn't ripen the corn—only the sun steadily shining could do that. But once aroused, he used this weapon with terrible effect, as one instance will be sufficient to prove.

Mr. Bailey abhorred all sham, and pretence, and bombast. At a meeting once at St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, when he was chairman, a minister belonging to another section, by the name of Waterland, was among the speakers. He was accompanied by a number of his ardent admirers. When Mr. Bailey called on this gentleman to speak he was not content to remain in the pew as the others had done, but at once ascended to the pulpit. He began by telling the congregation who he was, said some, who were jealous of his fame, prophesied the disappearance of a star from the firmament, that it would be totally eclipsed and be lost in utter darkness. His reply to such, he said, was, that his name was composed of the two great elements that composed the world—*water* and *land*, and intimated that these were symbols of his standing in his Connexion. He enumerated a wonderful list of exploits, such as that he had preached to 4000 persons at once and converted forty in one meeting. He had preached an extraordinary sermon on Satan's sifting Peter as wheat, for which he had taken a *first-class* prize (whatever could that be?) and he invited all present to hear this sermon for themselves the next Sunday at R—, the Sunday after at —, etc. His admirers were in an ecstacy of delight, as if on the mount of transfiguration, on the highest point of Pisgah, with the better country full in view.

Mr. Bailey at once got on his feet when the great man had concluded, and told him that he was always glad to see stars of any magnitude in any place, but he had discovered that some of the lights people fancied stars were sometimes only meteors that blazed brightly for a while, and then went out altogether, and the effect on him as an old man was that he “rejoiced with trembling,” and in his best hours it was necessary for him to remember the exhortation, “Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” As to taking prize medals for preaching that was all new to him ; he was preaching *for a crown*. And as to the preachers converting forty persons, for himself he did not believe in human conversions. He had heard of Rowland Hill meeting a poor drunken fellow who said, “Bless you, Mr. Hill, I am so glad to see you ; you converted my soul the last time you preached here,” when Mr. Hill coolly answered, “Yes, I see it looks something like my clumsy work ; if Jesus Christ had done it, you would not have needed converting again to-day, as you do now.” And then looking the speaker straight in the face, he told him, it was the joy of his soul to see sinners converted. God had allowed him to see many turned to Christ, but at the day of judgment he should be afraid to lay his hand on one and say, *You owe your conversion to me*, for he was afraid there would be a whole host of Marthas and Marys who would rush up and say, “Wait a minute ; we claim a hand in that soul’s conversion, for we had been praying for two hours before you came to preach, and if we had not thus prayed you would not have had half the power and light you had.” And you see, sir, how little I should look then. Besides that, we are only the instruments that God uses ; it is He who converts.

A brisk volley of applause followed this lively rebuke

which made the great orator feel very uncomfortable. He soon left the chapel, to which he never came again. Soon afterwards he began to pay his addresses to a rich Unitarian lady, who sent him to one of their colleges, and Methodist circles knew him no more.

CHAPTER V.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER, shortly before his death, was asked by a friend, "What is the greatest of all things?" To whom he answered, "It is not theology, it is not controversy, but it is to save souls." Mr. Bailey's life after conversion was ever such as if he believed that the *greatest of all things was to save souls*. Theology, as the noblest of the sciences, he devoutly studied, and controversy he now and then conscientiously and heartily engaged in; but the greatest of all things, in his estimation, was to save souls. And he was as much in earnest as, perhaps more than, any man I ever knew, to save souls. "Instant *in* season and *out of* season," was the motto of his life. It is related of the devoted John Berridge, that seeing the utter ignorance of the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Christ that prevailed throughout England, he entered largely into evangelistic work, preaching on all occasions and at all times. This gave great offence to his idle brother clergymen; they therefore complained of him to the bishop, who sent for him and reproved him for preaching at all hours, and on all days. "My lord," said he modestly, "I preach only at two times." "Which are they, Mr. Berridge?" "*In season and out of season, my lord.*" And as Dr. Chalmers once forcibly and feelingly said, what appears to be *out of season* may be *in season*. On returning from journeying in the south of Scotland, "he visited a nobleman near Peebles. On a favourite theme—pauperism

and its cure—he kept the circle of friends gathered there entranced, especially an old Highland lord who was riveted by the lucid details that he gave. They sat late. Dr. Chalmers' bedroom was just across the lobby from the old laird's room. As the doctor was undressing, he heard a strange sound thence and then a deep groan. He hastened in. In a few minutes more all the visitors followed. The old man drew but a few breaths more, and died. Dr. Chalmers loved souls. He gazed with outstretched hands as he bent over the clay. He was the picture of distress; the first to break the silence. ‘Never in my life did I see or did I feel before this moment the meaning of that text, *Preach the Word: be instant in season, and out of season.* Had I known that my venerable friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him, and unto you, Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought, and you would have pronounced, it out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respects him and as it respects you.’”

Mr. Bailey walked by faith and not by sight, and having tasted not only “the good word of God,” but also the “powers of the world to come,” he felt as one who knew that he must ever be about his Master’s business. The Rev. J. C. R. Dickson says,* “Words dropped by the wayside are not lost. ‘God’s seed will come to God’s harvest,’ as Rutherford said. Faithful dealing with perishing souls in the market-place may be as productive of fruit there as in the religious assembly. An earnest talk on eternal interests while

* In “Working for Jesus,” from which little work one or two of the incidents and suggestions in this chapter have been taken.

walking the street may arouse attention and regard in the soul. Salutation may bear stirring thoughts. Felix Neff's word to the stranger, who he supposed was his friend, is familiar, as also its blessed results, 'Friend, how is it with thy soul?'” But some Christians say that they are not called to this work ; they cannot adapt themselves to such circumstances ; they have neither tact nor courage, and if they went about the work in a clumsy fashion they would be likely to do more harm than good. But if the saved can neither preach in the pulpit, nor teach a class, nor visit the sick, nor speak to a friend, a neighbour, or a stranger,—*what, WHAT* can they do? It may be freely granted that some have more tact naturally than others, as some are more eloquent and others more benevolent ; but if only the naturally eloquent preached, many a pulpit would be empty, and if only the naturally benevolent ministered to others, sad indeed would be the lot of the poor and needy. Duty is not always easy, but practice makes perfect in every respect. A *habit* of speaking to others about their souls cannot be too soon formed by young converts, and if the habit is formed the best *method* will soon be sought out. Duncan Matheson, or Thomas Collins, or Richard Knill, or William Bailey might excel in speaking to others—gentle or simple, wise or ignorant, high or low, sire or son—a “few wise, pithy words” about their souls, but surely none of the Lord's followers would wish to be exempted from the task. If he that *heareth* the Gospel is to say *Come*, surely those who have received and rejoiced in the divine message of mercy should evermore cry, *Behold the Lamb! Behold the Lamb!* “Blessed are they that sow beside all waters.” “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening with hold not thy hand.”

“Declaring Christ's finished work to one solitary

individual may appear a small thing to a worker gifted with eloquence and ability, and perhaps may look like a loss of time and talent. But it is not so. Consider our Saviour's going through Samaria to meet that poor lost woman that she might be saved. A great forest lay in that one acorn. Think of the Holy Spirit carrying Philip southward to Gaza to be the means of salvation to the Ethiopian eunuch, who doubtless carried the light of the Gospel into the bosom of Africa. The teaching of these incidents is evident to every spiritual mind ; and those who have followed in their footsteps have reaped rich harvests, as the record of Christian work during the present century shows. They render it as delightsome to preach the Gospel to one as to ten thousand. A Christian woman, with singular fidelity, exhorted William C. Burns to watch for individual souls, saying, ' You may lose a jewel from your crown ; though you do not lose your crown, you may lose a jewel from it.' ' He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

' Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to overbear ;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it *anywhere.*' "

One of Mr. Bailey's colleagues informs me that Mr. Bailey got him to promise, soon after he entered his circuit, that he would speak, if he possibly could, to every person about his soul that he met on his way to his appointments. Mr. Moody when in London spoke of his own practice, and enforced on others the duty of speaking to one person about his soul every day. If that were done by all British Christians the claims of Christ on them would certainly be brought before the whole population in less than a single year, while now, alas ! it is not infrequent for persons mournfully to tell

us "*None ever said a word to me about my soul.*" Many persons live within a stone's throw of our churches and chapels who know no more of the way of salvation than they do of the origin of species, or the ocean currents, or the true theory of an eclipse. But what a round of duty did Mr. Bailey mark out for himself! The enthusiasm and fidelity he brought to the self-imposed task are known only to his intimate friends and companions. But many a brand did he pluck from the burning, and many a broken-hearted penitent did he direct to the Saviour, by the wayside. Words of warning, or of instruction, or of comfort fell from his lips like leaves in autumn. Seeds of truth and love he scattered in prayer and faith, and the harvest was often ripe the same hour the seed was sown. A few characteristic examples of his wayside work may be given.

Walking once from Gillingham to Rainham on a Good Friday, he overtook a man with whom he entered into conversation. The man said, "The sun is shining splendidly, sir." "Yes," answered Mr. Bailey, "two suns, the one shining out, the other in." In this way he got into the man's heart, and he then spoke to him a few earnest words on spiritual things. He had not gone much farther before he overtook two soldiers. He sprang in between them immediately, took hold of each of them by the arm, and looking them steadily in the face, said, "I am a soldier too!" "You a soldier! where's your uniform?" "I wear that inside," was the ready answer. This led to a profitable conversation with the soldiers about their souls, during the course of which it was abundantly manifest that he was clothed with the whole armour of God. His loins were "girt about with truth," he had got on "the breastplate of righteousness," his feet were shod with the "preparation of the gospel of peace," he had at hand the "shield of

faith," nor did he venture abroad without the "helmet of salvation," and the "sword of the Spirit" was kept bright and ready for use at any moment.

Mr. Bailey met a gentleman one day in the road whom he abruptly accosted with the question, "Well, sir, did you get the answer?" "What answer?" asked the gentleman, somewhat embarrassed. "Why the answer to your last prayer, if you ever prayed." He turned white, but a profitable conversation on prayer naturally ensued. Mr. Bailey had much knowledge of the power of prayer. With what rapture would he sing and shout—

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

Oh how he entreated his correspondents to pray for him,—for poor unworthy William Bailey. I think I have never seen a letter of his without finding a request to pray for him in it. His commonest message to his friends was—"Tell James, or —, or —, he must be sure not to pray *too much*." Probably he never visited a family without praying with and for them, and the children and the servants were never forgotten. If his sermons impressed you with the idea of his faithfulness, so also did his prayers. A feeling of hopefulness would pervade your heart, however despairing you might have felt before, after you had heard Mr. Bailey pray for you. Multitudes will remember how on leaving he would take one of your hands in both of his, his parting counsel, for its pathos, solemnity, and appropriateness, almost enough to hold your soul in life, and then came the request which seemed to have at once all the authority of a command, and all the grace of a blessing, Pray for me. To Mr. W. Higman he said once, "I am greatly tempted.

Oh, pray for me. Sling my old heart right over the throne, get hold of the rope the other side, pull for thy life, and raise me up to God.” Mr. Bailey often dwelt on the importance of praying till the answer was received. Some when they pray think nothing about the answer. The Psalmist said, “I will direct my prayer to Thee, and *look up.*” Mr. Bailey fully believed and often told his friends they could not pray in vain. “Once I went into a belfrey and I noticed that the men held on till the bell struck; and so,” he said, “you must hold on when you are in the belfrey of communion till the bell strikes.” Many of his friends in pleading with God in the prayer-meeting for the revival of his work *would pray that the bell might strike*; and they held on, in a real, downright, earnest fashion, till the power came down and their souls were flooded with light and love. Only last winter two or three friends were praying in a cottage till a late hour one Sunday evening that God would send temporal relief to their neighbours, many of whom were almost starving, and whom these praying ones had no means to help. Suddenly one of the party rose, and striking the table said, “We may give over praying now, for I have got the answer that God has heard us and that the blessing will come.” The next morning a gentleman was at the house before breakfast; he would find the beef to make the soup and buy what bread and coals were needed, if these praying people would only undertake the labour of making the soup and distributing his bounty! “Verily, there is a God that heareth prayer and judgeth in the earth!”

But to return to the point in hand. Meeting a gentleman in the road one day, Mr. Bailey walked up to him, and said, “Good morning, sir, how do you do? When did you hear from Father last?” The gentleman much surprised, perhaps a little annoyed, said, “I am very

well, thank you, but I don't know you, nor yet your father—never heard from him in my life." "I am very sorry for that, sir, because I belong to the royal family in heaven, and God is my Father, and if you don't get into the family you will be sure to go to hell." The gentleman thought he was a strange character, but he walked off in a deep study.

Coming from Cowes to Newport one dark night, Mr. Bailey met a tall, big man. He went up to him and shouted, "I am a robber. I have been on the roads forty years." Lowering his voice, and speaking with matchless tenderness, he continued, "*But I only want to rob the devil of your soul.* I should like to do that to-night." And a resolute effort he made to win another soul for the Saviour that dark night.

At another time, in the road from Newport to Barton's Corner he met a poor "navvy." He was very wet, and heavily loaded with his tools, looking a *picture of misery*. Mr. Bailey roared out, "Make haste and repent, or the devil will have you for ever." The poor man stood as if thunderstruck, but Mr. Bailey moved on with the silent prayer that the arrow might be driven right home by the Spirit's power.

Mr. Bailey's religious sentiments he never attempted to conceal, nor did he speak of them, as if ashamed of them, with bated breath. There was a boldness and plainness in his manner of speech, a downright earnestness and directness of which Latimer, or Knox, or Luther would not have been ashamed.

During a revival at Lamblease a minister, more distinguished for his formal propriety than his zeal, one who was "faultlessly regular, icily cold," cautioned his congregation against noise, rant, and animal excitement. Some of the young converts present had their minds greatly pained. Mr. Bailey having heard of this, the

next time he was at the place, after singing and prayer, before he began his sermon, said, “I suppose I must take care *what* I say, and *how* I say it. I must not be so vulgar as to say ‘devil,’ it is the ‘wicked one;’ must not say ‘hell,’ must say ‘bad place;’” and then raising his voice he exclaimed, “If we had no Bible, and were bound to believe what those smooth butter-tongued preachers said, we might conclude that the devil was dead, hell fire gone out, and that there was no God in heaven! But I,” he continued, “will cry aloud and spare not; and let me tell you that though God is in heaven, He is also near to mark your conduct; the devil’s alive, and is using his influence to deceive and ruin your souls, and there’s fire enough in hell to burn to all eternity.”

Amusing and laughable incidents are plentiful enough, but we need only recall one or two to enable the reader to complete for himself a faithful portraiture of Mr. Bailey. He saw a little girl at a gentleman’s door one day who was unable to reach either the bell or the knocker. He flew up the steps and gave a knock loud, enough to make the ears to tingle. The gentleman, a Mr. M——, a barrister, half alarmed, hastened to open the door himself. “If you knock as loud at heaven’s gate as that, sir, you will be sure to get in,” and down the steps hastened Mr. Bailey, without giving the gentleman time to answer or to recover from his surprise.

A man met him one day in earlier life when he usually wore a suit of grey cloth, with breeches and high boots. The man knew him well, but wishing to have a little fun at his expense, thought that his dress and appearance afforded him an opportunity. “Please, sir, are you a pig jobber?” he asked. “Please, sir, are you for sale?” was the answer. The wit in this instance was as perfect as in the story told of Mr. Wesley, that when a drunken man rudely jostled against him in City Road,

and said, "*I never get out of my way for a fool,*" Mr. Wesley took off his hat, and stepping on one side, quietly replied, "*I always do, sir.*"

A lady in a coach once loudly remonstrated with, perhaps it might be said she denounced, Mr. Bailey for advocating *female preaching*. (How could he do otherwise when his beloved Isle of Wight was first visited by one of the pious sisterhood, and such beloved friends as Mary O'Bryan and Mary Billing had laboured with him in the Gospel?) "It is a shame," the lady said, quoting St. Paul, "for a woman to speak in the church." "Are you married, madam? And were you married in church?" "Yes, indeed, and I should never think of being married in any other place." "But then you have spoken in the *church*, madam, and it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church." The lady was discreetly silent the rest of the journey.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

TO apostolic example in preaching and visiting from house to house Mr. Bailey closely kept. What he strongly enforced on his fellow-labourers he exemplified in his own life. And it was not the members of the church and congregation only, but he made all the people in villages the objects of his care, and entire districts in towns were the scenes of his holy and prayerful endeavours to save the lost. It is in the houses of the people friendships are formed, and prejudices overcome, and impressions made, that contribute largely to the preacher's success. The attendance at the public ministrations of the Word of Life is thereby increased, and much is gained when friendly ears listen to the Gospel message, and hearts are prepared to receive the truth in the love thereof. The work that Baxter did at Kidderminster, and Joseph Alleine at Taunton, and Dr. Guthrie in Edinburgh, William Bailey did in all places to which he came, to the utmost of his ability and opportunity. The proverb is, that a house to house minister makes a church-going people. These two things sustain to each other the relation of cause and effect. Very beautiful and suggestive is the Saviour's words to Zaccheus, “Make haste and come down; *for to-day I must abide at thy house.*” What an instructive picture for pastors and evangelists this of their Divine Lord and Perfect Example. When Matthew made Jesus a great feast in his own house, “behold many

publicans and sinners came and sat down with Him and His disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto His disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? But when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The publicans and sinners would hardly have ventured to come into Matthew's house if the Saviour had not previously been their guest. At another time he went into the house of one of the Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day. We love to think that the Saviour was, in many instances, the self-invited guest. The message from the glorified Saviour to the Laodicean Church, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me," might have been merely the repetition in *words* of his *conduct* when here upon the earth. The blind men who followed the Saviour with the cry, *Thou son of David, have mercy on us*, came into the house to Jesus, where the cure was wrought. The lost sheep will not find out the shepherd, the shepherd must seek after the lost sheep; and in the happy home of Lazarus and Mary and Martha, Christ found His also, after the exhaustive labours of the day were over, and sinners had worn themselves out in contradiction. But not always when at Bethany did Jesus sojourn with these bosom friends, or as He returned to *the city* in the early morning after lodging at Bethany for the night, He would not have hungered. Most likely the thought of the approaching doom of the city over which He wept prevented Him from taking rest, and led Him to spend the whole night in prayer.

Converts think it a great favour to minister to the temporal wants of those who bring to them the bread and water of life. When Lydia's heart had been opened by the Lord to attend to the things spoken by Paul she besought the servants of Christ, if they judged her to be faithful to the Lord, to come into her house and abide there. Their unwillingness to burden her she overcame by constraining them. And the sacrifices that many families have made, in order to provide Mr. Bailey and his helpers with a night's lodging, are known only to God and themselves.

Mr. Bailey had slept at one place several times, but he knew not till after many months had passed, that both husband and wife had sat up in the kitchen all the night to be able to entertain their guest. The records of his labours as an Evangelist from house to house are marvellous and extraordinary. House after house was visited, family after family seen, sometimes several families lived in the same house, till 1100 or 1200 houses had been visited in a comparatively short time. Thirty or forty and even more families were seen in a day, and prayer with each was the invariable rule. The sick belonging to all classes of society he had access to. One day we find him in the workhouse, and the next in Kensington Palace. One day he goes to the garret of some costermonger, and the next he is welcomed with as much heartiness by some Church dignitary. The time allotted to each visit was so short, that there was no chance to beat about the bush. He came straight to the point. "Have you truly repented? Are you converted? Have you an interest in Christ? Are you born again of the Spirit? Have you passed from death unto life? Do you enjoy the favour of God? Is Christ formed in your soul, the hope of glory? Is your name written in the Lamb's book of life?" and similar questions he at once

put, without any circumlocution, and not only with marvellous impressiveness, but often with saving results. These, it is true, varied considerably, but while duty was his, *they* belonged to God, and he was therefore seldom discouraged, and never discouraged enough to desist from his calling. By most persons he was readily received, from a few only did he get a positive refusal, and in such cases he returned again and again to the attack. And if he once got his head inside the door, his whole body would soon follow, generally to the delight of both young and old. If he had a "very hard case," he seldom failed to reach the parents through the children, and he would often fill his pockets with sweets and little books to carry their young hearts captive. It is possible to visit in a routine manner, and no good whatever come of it, the entry in the diary of ten, or twenty, or fifty families visited, signifying nothing. Several hours might in very special instances be devoted to one person or to one family ; but generally speaking, Mr. Wesley's dictum is true, that an hour is long enough for ordinary visits, the conversation after that almost always becoming unprofitable.

One of Mr. Bailey's friends says that when on a visit to another circuit he was constantly going in and out among the people, speaking to them about their souls. He said to a Mrs. J——, "Are you a child of God ?" "I hope so," was the reply. "If you were to die now, do you think you would go to heaven ?" "I trust I should," said the woman ; upon which he exclaimed, "Trust ! trust ! why that old trust has ruined thousands of shopkeepers ! Job said, I *know* that my Redeemer liveth ; John, We *know* that we have passed from death unto life ; Paul, We are *confident*, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord, and, For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

He expressed himself in such a way that it took fast hold on all present, and they had a sweet season of prayer and praise.

This “full assurance of knowledge” and “of faith,” Mr. Bailey urged all his friends to seek to attain as their greatest privilege and most sacred duty. It is told of Dr. Joseph Alexander that when on his death-bed a friend quoted Paul as saying, “I know in Whom I have believed,” the great theologian and child-like believer exclaimed with much energy, “No! it is not I know *in* Whom I have believed, but I know Whom I have believed; I cannot bear even for a preposition to come between me and Christ.” How beautiful was his declaration when dying, that all his theology might be summed up in one sentence, “This is a faithful saying Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

Mr. Bailey visited a cooper at Brixton, in the Isle of Wight, who was making a bucket in one part of the house while his wife was busy cooking in another. He contrived somehow to carry on a conversation with both at the same time. He said he must pray before he left. “Thee can’t pray if thee will, but I must hoop my bucket,” said the cooper. Mr. Bailey prayed, the cooper working with great energy all the while, “But bless the Lord,” said Mr. Bailey, “*He* was putting another hoop around the cooper’s heart. He began to seek the Lord in good earnest, soon found Him, and has been a happy Christian man ever since.” “That was thirty-eight years ago,” said Mr. Bailey once when he told the story, “and the old cooper is in the way to heaven still.”

Some of his visits were not pleasant to flesh and blood, and it was well for him, his friends often thought, and he sometimes said, that “his olfactory nerves were not the most sensitive.” He was not a hothouse plant himself, and had learnt to endure hardness as a good soldier of

Jesus Christ. But he had “present pay,” the hundred-fold in this life, the foretaste and pledge of the life everlasting in the world to come. A broken-hearted penitent would be discovered one day, and Bunyan’s favourite text, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,” was urged with such force till every objection was vanquished and every fear removed. The poor soul trembling, despairing, said, “There can be no mercy for me.” “Him that cometh.” “But I have been a drunkard, swearer, thief, liar, Sabbath-breaker, adulterer,” &c., &c. “Him that cometh.” “But I am such a great sinner, I have broken the law so many times.” “Him that cometh.” “But I am such a hard-hearted wretch, that I don’t even now loathe sin as if it were a poison, or flee from it as if it were a serpent, or fight it as if it were an enemy. Christ is not to me the Fairest among ten thousand and the Altogether Lovely, though I would give all the world to call Him my own. You speak of the wonderful brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, and the rare lustre of the Star of Bethlehem; but poor benighted traveller as I am, they are not more to me as yet than any other sun and star.” “Him that cometh.” “But I have sinned against light, I had Christian parents, and a godly home. Like Samuel, I heard God’s voice when a child; but I refused to listen. The promises I can repeat, the commandments of God I know, but I have neither believed nor obeyed.” “Him that cometh.” “But I have sinned against love. God has loaded me with benefits. He has saved me from many a danger, and shielded me from many a temptation, and crowned me with many a blessing, but I have forgotten Him—even the rock of my salvation.” “Him that cometh.” “But I might have been saved years and years ago, but I resisted the truth and quenched the Spirit, and mocked the providence of God; trifled with my sacred convictions

and broke my own solemn vows.” “Him that cometh.” “But I cannot perfect my repentance, or keep my temper, or observe my vows, or quicken my charity, or rouse my indolence.” “Him that cometh.” And so forcibly would he continue to urge the Saviour’s own words, till the poor penitent would at length exclaim—

“Lo, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

“Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I’ll point to His redeeming blood,
And cry, ‘Behold the way to God !’ ”

Another day a poor miserable backslider would be found in poverty and rags. Mr. Bailey’s heart bled for such. Who so much to be pitied? Eyes that once were filled with the light of heaven and the glory of Christ, to be now filled with the darkness of despair; lips that once drank of the fountain of living waters, not having a drop to drink; souls that once feasted on the manna which came down from heaven, now trying to satisfy their hunger with the husks that the swine do eat; hearts that were once temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, to have all fierce and foul passions raging there! Of all miseries the greatest out of hell must be endured by those who have cast away their confidence, and crucified afresh the Lord of life and glory. They often receive but scant sympathy. Many persons will go to the end of the world to save a soul that never heard of Christ, but treat persons who have gone away from Him with the greatest disdain. Not so had Mr. Bailey learned Christ. That merciful Saviour who turned upon Peter, when he had denied Him with oaths and curses, with a look that melted, and not a frown to

wither or a fiery glance to consume him; and that beloved disciple who went into the mountains after a convert who had joined himself to a band of robbers, furnished the examples which he strove to imitate. He dealt with such, with just severity indeed, but also in tenderest love. To one he said, "All that you have to do is to come as first you came. You know the way to Christ, that at any rate is an advantage. Now come again to Him. He has even put words into your mouth. He has told you to say, 'Take away all iniquity, and receive me graciously.' 'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.' And He has said, 'I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely: for mine anger is turned away from you.'"

Once in Chatham he said, "On the day I first came to this town to live I wanted some water. I inquired for the well. I found that one well supplied many houses. I made my way to it, and though I had to thread my way through several turnings, first to the right, then to the left, and then to the right again, by following the instructions I found the well, and brought back the water. I wanted water again the next day, and the day after that, but I did not inquire the way to the well again. I simply went and fetched the water. *You know the way to the well;* all you have to do is just to go there, and draw with joy the water from it and drink a full supply." And thus encouraged, many a penitent backslider has started afresh in the heavenly race.

The next person visited was a professor of religion who had lost all life and joy out of her heart. She had not thrown away the lamp of profession, but the light had gone out. Her disposition had become so soured that Mr. Bailey thought she must have been born in a *vinegar cellar*. Grumbling was her vocation, and it was pursued with avidity as if a heaven-commanded

duty. Nothing that any person ever said or did was right. If the preacher visited her, she found fault with him, if he stayed away her complaints were louder. They would have gone to see her much oftener than they did, only they had a fit of horrors after every visit, that could not be got over in a day or a week. I called on her once with Mr. Bailey. He had been in the Circuit years before. She was a better woman then and a willing worker. Him she had often spoken of with admiration, when drawing an invidious comparison between the old preachers and those then working in the Circuit. Their successors had no zeal, no discernment, no gratitude. She now began to pour her complaints into Mr. Bailey's ear. He listened so patiently and kindly as to draw out all that was in her heart. Her good deeds in the past, now quite forgotten, were recounted with great animation. The very meals that she had given to the preachers were numbered, and her subscriptions were all counted. Mr. Bailey took his pencil and pocket book in his hand. At first his action was not noticed. Soon came the startled exclamation, “Mr. Bailey, Mr. Bailey, what are you about?” “Only seeing how much you have done for the Lord's cause all these years, and what it must have cost you.” “But what for?” “That you may be repaid the whole; and you shall be before I leave the town, if I sell the coat off my back to do it, for I know the Lord Jesus Christ would not like to be indebted to such a person as you are.” The rebuke was a severe one; such a remedy would either kill or cure, but it cured in this instance, and the woman was a better Christian ever afterwards.

But if a “Son of thunder,” he was a “Son of consolation” also. Affliction had fallen heavily on the next family. A widow had been thrice stricken, two lovely children had been first taken, and then her hus-

band. Some smaller children had been spared, and the eldest son, but he in his pride and profligacy shattered the last hope of his mother, and wrecked every home comfort and joy. "Indeed my trial is greater than I can bear. I feel that God has dealt hardly with me. Can God be my Father, and let me suffer thus?" "Yes, God *is* indeed your Father, 'Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.' 'He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer !' 'All things shall work together for good.' You must trust God where you cannot trace Him. Providence now is like a piece of patchwork turned the wrong side out. But it is a beautiful pattern, and you'll see it one day. Sink down now into the everlasting arms. They are underneath. Rest in Christ's promise here, you shall see Him in His glory hereafter. Your very tears shall become pearls of glory; 'as your sufferings abound, so your consolations also shall abound by Christ.' " "Shall it be even so?" "Yes, even so, and now let us thank God for His goodness, and never forget to trust Him in the future." And the widow's heart was comforted.

Let us enter one more dwelling. The visitor and the visited are both weary—one with toil, the other with pain and weakness, but they are alike happy in God. They are strangers to each other, but neither is a stranger to Christ, and so they are at home at once. The visitor observes a strange radiance on the features of

the sick man, and he glances around the comfortless room. “How can you be so happy here?” “My Beloved is mine, and I am His.” “Nothing to make you unhappy?” “Yes, I am sometimes, because I don’t love Him more, and that I ever doubt His faithfulness. But God will forgive me even this. Soon, very soon, he will take me to Himself. Last night it seemed as if the room was filled with angels, and I heard such sweet music as I never heard before.” Do the dying see sights, and hear sounds, that the living before the cracks are made in the flesh do not see and hear? Was a convoy of the heavenly host in that dying man’s chamber ready to bear his ransomed spirit to the Paradise of God? Did he hear some notes of the anthem that is being sung before the throne? It may be, it may be, for look! look! hardly before he has ceased to speak, his voice falters, his eyes close, his pulse ceases to beat, and his spirit is at rest in his Father’s house for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

FIELD WORK.

“**G**IVE me,” said John Wesley, “one hundred men who hate nothing but sin, fear nothing but God, and are determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and I will turn the world upside down.” *Where are the hundred men?* How is it they cannot be found? “I am certain,” wrote Dr. Alexander Macleod a few years since, “that if twelve Christian preachers, competent for the work, filled with the Spirit, with grace, and faith, and love in their hearts, and well seconded by the sympathy, prayers, and co-operation of their congregations, would proclaim in the ears of this generation, as Luther and his fellow-labourers proclaimed the doctrines of the Reformation, or as Wesley and his fellow-workers announced the existence and claims of the other world: ‘That these very days in which we are living are days of the acceptable year; that Christ is here, beside us, in this very land, in every street of its cities, in every lane of its villages, and in all the paths of the lives we are leading, to bless us, to bless our country and the world; and that He is personally living and ruling and interceding for us in heaven,’ the whole dark world of sin and suffering in this land would feel the presence of the Redeemer, and awake out of its long sleep, and begin to live, and have joy in righteousness and God.’”

If this witness is true, we ask again, *Where are the twelve?* Out of the great host of ministers, is not even

that number to be found? Or has not the Church any real sympathy with the work? Or have Mr. Wesley and Dr. MacLeod been indulging in rhetorical exaggeration? Our conviction is, that Mr. Bailey would have been one of Mr. Wesley's hundred, if not one of Dr. MacLeod's twelve. Oh that the experiment were but fairly tried! hitherto it has not been. Churches and chapels increase, benevolent institutions abound, and great outward activity is manifested; but multitudes, even in our own country, have not heard of Christ and His great salvation. They come not to listen to the preached word, nor to our meetings for prayer. They congregate in our large towns, and dwell "solitary and apart" in our villages, and the cry is not rung out so as to startle them, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel!" If preachers generally were fired with William Bailey's spirit, and filled with his grand enthusiasm for souls, such a reproach, for reproach it is, would be at once and for ever removed.

Hallowed seasons are often experienced by God's servants when they meet in the name of Christ; but if every church and chapel were razed to its foundations, perhaps the old saying would receive a fresh illustration, "The poor have the gospel preached to them." Our modern church arrangements are such as tend to make the Saviour's own disciples to forget that His example in our evangelistic efforts must be closely followed both in spirit and method. The Church has a royal commission to do for the men of this generation what Jesus and His apostles did for theirs. The gospel is as much needed in this nineteenth century as in the first; by the people of England as by the people of Judaea; by the hard toilers in our cities as by the inhabitants of our villages. The great sin of men is neglect of Christ, and multitudes neglect Him because they are ignorant of Him, and

they are ignorant of Him because His disciples have not preached His glorious Gospel as they have had opportunity. There are multitudes also who neglect Christ who are not ignorant, because His followers generally do not delight in Him, or love and obey Him, as a few truly devoted and wholly sanctified among them have done. Christians must be eminent for piety if they would be eminently useful. Let the impression be got rid of, that the Church exists for its own comfort, rather than as God's witness and the world's benefactor, and the happiest results would as surely follow as do the flowers in spring and the fruits in autumn. More preachers then at least would go from city to city, and from village to village, evangelists in the best sense of the word. If a whole army of Wesleys and Whitefields were needed they would be sent forth. Signal usefulness in one place, instead of furnishing an argument for the preacher remaining there always, is an argument in favour of itinerancy,—at least, this is what we understand the Scriptures to teach. “Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and He laid His hand on every one of them, and healed them. And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying, ‘Thou art Christ the Son of God.’ And He rebuking them suffered them not to speak: for they knew that He was Christ. And when it was day, He departed and went into a desert place [which, as one has said, He made to ‘blossom as the rose’ by His prayers]: and the people sought Him, and came unto Him, and prayed Him that He should not depart from them.” A great blessing was the Saviour to this grateful people; why did He not remain among them? Why not let well alone? Why disturb existing happy arrangements? *Why?* “And He said unto them, I must preach the kingdom of God

to other cities also, for therefore am I sent. And He preached in the synagogues of Galilee."

Many years ago when we first heard of William Bailey, and got some glimpses of the man at his work, the conviction took hold of us, that a mere handful of men such as he was would, by God's blessing, change the whole face of society in an incredibly short time. His lamp always burned so brightly that men could see the light from afar; pitcher in hand he dipped up constantly fresh draughts from the river of salvation to satisfy his own thirst, and to carry to others the water of life; and the great trumpet he always blew with such tremendous earnestness, that many heard the sound who were afar off and ready to perish.

To the devil's ground he hastened, again and again, to fight the Lord's battles; through the world's *Vanity Fair* he roamed, that he might tell the weary pleasure-seekers congregating there of the "riches unsearchable in the love of Jesus." He never had a St. Paul's, a Metropolitan Tabernacle, or a City Temple in which to preach, and in his earlier ministerial career he had no such plain and unpretending structures as the humblest Methodist body now possesses in which to proclaim the word of life. But the poor man's cottage, the farmer's barn, the carpenter's shop were available, and if not, the Gospel must be preached, and the highways and hedges, the village-green, the sea-shore, the crowded thoroughfare were always open. Every open door was quickly entered, however virulent or numerous the adversaries might be; many barred doors flew open as the Gospel came from his lips, "not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." As the botanist starts out to find a new or rare specimen, or an astronomer closely scans the heavens to discover a new star, so Mr. Bailey resolutely set

himself to search out families, hamlets, villages, destitute of Christ and His great salvation. Ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles a day has he gone, preaching to the people when a little group could be got to listen, and praying with families in their homes, or travellers by the wayside, or labourers in the fields and woods, till his strength was all spent. He could not rest if he came to a house or a village in which, as he said with much pathos, "there was no room for Christ," until Satan had been dethroned and all his goods cast out. *Impossibility* is a word that is not in the vocabulary of a great general, so some distinguished military authorities tell us. If roads do not exist, they must be made; if obstacles do exist, they must be conquered; failure or defeat is not for a moment to be thought of. *Impossible!* is a word that must not escape the lips or find a lodging in the heart of city preacher, village missionary, or itinerating evangelist, if they would be successful in the Lord's work. Genius, when combined with indomitable energy and perseverance, laughs to scorn the difficulties by which ordinary mortals are vanquished, but there is a limit sometimes soon reached, beyond which even earthly conquerors cannot pass, as some of the greatest of them have discovered to their cost. Napoleon was a great creator of events, but in the end no poorer victim of circumstances than he is to be found. But God is on the side of His faithful servants. He will make their way plain before them. Sustained by a mighty faith, inspired by an immortal hope, and constrained by the love of Christ, the work of saving men must, and shall be, carried on. Christ's ambassadors not only do not know when they are beaten, but they never are really beaten. Pain, and scorn, and poverty, and hate, and discouragement, and persecution, may be the evangelist's lot; but his worst is better, ay, infinitely

better, than the world's best. A true Christian hero is invulnerable. His Captain never did a battle lose, and all things are possible to him that believeth. "Faith," as Cecil says, "is the master-spring of a minister." If there be faith in God when His people are resisting or making an attack, even if it be from or against all the powers of hell, they are sure to conquer. As Mr. Bailey often said, "Jesus would lead him to certain victory." And as one of the standard-bearers of the cross he cried continually—

"Let *all* to Jesus now draw nigh!
He bore the cross for *all*."

But let not any reader hastily conclude that if there be failure, it must be set down of necessity as the fault of the minister. I was once preaching, many years ago, on a week-day afternoon, when I had Mr. Bailey as one of my hearers. It was a pleasant, cheerful service, but "no signs and wonders followed." Another of my hearers frankly told me at the close of the service, "You don't believe a word that you have been saying." I waited a moment for an explanation, when the friend continued, "Is not the Word of the Lord a sword, a sharp, two-edged sword, and if skilfully used in the power of the Spirit, *the people would be cut all to pieces?*" But I should like to know who has been cut to pieces this afternoon?" I don't know what answer I should have made, but Mr. Bailey overhearing it, interposed, and cast the shield of his protection over his young friend. He said, "What were you saying?" When the words were repeated with considerable emphasis, the rejoinder was, "How do you know that the failure is owing to the want of faith in the preacher? Don't you remember that in one place his Master could not do many mighty works because of the unbelief of the people? And if the Master could not, His servant may well be excused."

And then he added, “Was your faith in lively exercise all the time? *Was it, now was it?*” He concluded by saying that both preacher and people wanted more faith, that it was too often absent from both pulpit and pew. And oh! is it not true that our prayers, our sermons, our lives are blessed of God, in proportion as we have faith in Him. If men have little faith, they have little power; if they have much faith, they have much power; if they have all faith, they have all power. “*According to your faith be it done unto you.*” “All things are possible to him that believeth.”

One of Mr. Bailey’s friends says he would have been a welcome companion to Paul, or in later times to Wesley, or Whitefield. Formerly, whatever may be the case now, village revels were scenes of profligacy and vice. They were often broken up by Mr. Bailey arranging to preach at some suitable distance, gradually drawing away the people from the scene, and thus securing a congregation of hundreds or even thousands, when he might else have had to be content with a score or two of hearers. Their attention would be arrested by his first words, and frequently before he had proceeded far the cry of mercy would be heard. His addresses on such occasions were always short, and to the point, warm, energetic, and faithful. He acted by anticipation as open-air preachers have been wisely advised to do: “Deliver your message in a few words. Some of the most effective out-door sermons that we have ever heard about were short. A short sermon in the open air brought the first disciple to Christ: ‘Behold the Lamb of God.’ A short sermon in the open air brought Bartimeus to Him: ‘Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!’ A short sermon brought the dying thief to Him. It was printed by foolish Pilate, posted over the Cross, read by the passers-by, so that doubt-

less the sufferer heard it: 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' 'Lord, remember me,' was the responsive cry, 'when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' Not only were his sermons short, but always to the point. He always endeavoured to hit right home. It was a treat to hear him repeat, when one of his brethren said on Southsea Common, after giving out his text, he should make a few preliminary observations, "Preliminary observations, indeed!" No one could doubt that they were out of place then and there. His whole soul was on fire. He must get to the heart of the subject at once. There was no fencing; he grappled without delay with the consciences of his hearers. In real earnest himself, others almost as a matter of course were deeply affected. He had no idea of waiting for months, or even days or hours, before reaping the harvest.

A letter written by Mr. Bailey in 1835, when in the Surrey Mission, pleasingly illustrates his manner of life:

"I am happy to tell you the good work is going on well in every part of the Mission. We had eighty-five persons join the Society last quarter, and many more have joined this. We have taken on several places since I wrote you last, and might easily take on fifty more if we had preachers to preach at them. I hope the Lord will soon raise up preachers as well as people. We have three farmers and a schoolmaster in the higher part of the Mission who have begun to speak to the people, and several in this part. I believe if this Mission be well looked after, it will be a second Cornwall. The good work is delightfully progressing in many places, just as it did with us in the beginning. Sinners are cut down under the word, five or six at a time, as men are slain in the field of battle, and the people, old and young, rich and poor, come distances of five or six or seven miles to hear the heavenly message. The parsons,

as well as the devil and the world, are all against us ; but God is on our side, and Satan's kingdom is falling. Praise God, we are often before the magistrates, but all things work together for good. We have sometimes to teach the magistrates law and gospel both ; and we always come out on the right side. We give them our rules, which they generally much approve, and promise to see us righted ; and in the end this is done. Some do all they can to slander and defame us, and to injure the great and glorious cause, but it is rising in the estimation of the public. We are preached against in some places, but when we meet our opponents they are dumb. The Master is on our side, and He gives us the victory. By His help we win every battle ; but we have often to leave the pulpit and stand between our friends and the mob. We have rotten eggs and stones hurled at us, birds let loose in our midst, windows broken, and I know not what besides, but we have glory in the soul, and that makes up for the whole.

“ We are turning two houses into one, and chapels we might get, for the friends would lend the money to build them if we could only preach in them afterwards. We can have as many beds and as much food as we will, and I hope soon we shall have more money to help on the cause. The people do what they can, and so far all is well. Ask all our preachers and friends to pray for us, as we do for them. I believe we shall do as well here as in any part of the Connexion ; but the Mission must be divided into two parts, and two preachers appointed to each part at the next conference. This is the place to send preachers if you want to do good. I hope the Lord will send a host shortly ! ”

CHAPTER VIII.

“AMONG LIONS.”

“**M**Y soul is among lions,” David exclaimed on one occasion. Mr. Bailey was frequently among lions, especially in the earlier years of his ministry. He was never afraid of them, and therefore he never shunned them. He had great natural courage and daring. It was no vain boast of his, “I never yet feared the face of any man.” If he had been a soldier, or a sailor, or a physician, the most hotly-contested fight, the fiercest storm, the deadliest pestilence, would have had no terror for him. But his courage was not merely physical. The courage that is born of right doing, of an invincible faith in the providence of God, and of the conscious nearness of his Divine Master at all times, he possessed in a high degree. Promises that scarcely have any meaning for ordinary Christians, and incidents in the lives of God’s heroes of old, which most persons regard as exceptional and extraordinary, had a singular fascination and charm for Mr. Bailey. “Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder ; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.” “The lion shall lie down with the lamb.” “The fiercest natures,” Mr. Bailey said, “shall be subdued by Christian truth and love. If the Lion of the tribe of Judah be only on our side, the fight may as well be with ‘beasts of Ephesus’ as with any other foes, for our God can deliver in the greatest extremity of peril, even ‘out of the mouth of the lion.’”*

* 2 Timothy iv. 7.

A servant of the living God may, like Daniel, be cast into a lions' den, but it shall be converted into a place of rest, or a fortress of security. To "stop the mouths of lions," is one of the achievements of a mighty faith in God ; to tame the lion-like natures of some men, to subject their proud spirits and great strength to a higher will, to transform them into faithful servants and loving friends of the Saviour, is a miracle of grace which God has delighted again and again to perform in the experience of His "valiant men."

We have already seen that Mr. Bailey's early religious life was cradled in persecution ; it seemed to gather inspiration and strength from the wintry winds of opposition, and to clothe itself with renewed beauty and vigour with every fresh attempt of Satan to blast the work of grace, or of men to trample it in the dust. Such a spirit was needed, for the Lord had much fighting work for him to do. He had scarcely buckled on his armour before the battle raged fiercely. He was in perils among false brethren. At the very outset and very early his trials began in real earnest. Sometimes he had "no food, no bed, no money," but even then he was "happy in the Lord." "Weather very sharp," one entry reads ; "my hat was covered with ice, and my coat frozen about me, but the fire was burning in my soul all the time." The fire within seemed a sufficient protection against any weather. When the people once thronged into a house at St. Helen's, and had filled the kitchen and parlour, some even entering into the bedrooms, he "went outside that all might hear, though it snowed much all the time." His plain preaching was called blasphemy, because as he said, "I called sin sin, hell hell, the devil the devil, damnation damnation." Some were so offended that they vowed they would never hear him again ; and sometimes they did not, for

they were “suddenly cut off without remedy,” often they could not keep away, and were soon converted into “fast and faithful friends.” At Brentor while preaching at a revel, “I was,” he says, “dreadfully beaten by the landlord and the ungodly mob. But the Lord was with me, and preserved my life.” The ringleader died an awful death soon after, Mr. Bailey thought, as a warning to others. A little later, in Cornwall, “the devil raged, the mob rose, and with a bar of iron broke open the chapel door and pelted us with stones. One of the friends was knocked down as if dead, and another badly hurt, but our meeting went on, and *we had a good time.*” A few days afterwards “a gun was fired into the house while I was speaking, the woman of the house fainted, but I continued my discourse.” Like treatment he often encountered in the Isle of Wight. At Brading the mob broke the windows, behaved with great violence, and did all they could to break up the meeting. “I felt,” Mr. Bailey said, “the Divine power come upon me, and told them they might do with me just what they pleased. But not a hand was moved. An unseen Power held them in check, another proof that neither devils nor wicked men can hurt us without Divine permission. Three men entered the house to take down the text, but as I did not name any, they, and their old master too, were disappointed. The glory filled my soul, and I earnestly exhorted the people to turn to the Lord. Sinners trembled much and saints rejoiced greatly.”

At another time, in the same place, he was much injured by the mob, who threatened to kill him the next time he came. If they were permitted to do that, his joyous reflection was, it would be for the greater glory of God. At Whitwell, when Mr. Bailey and his friends arrived, “the mob gathered, and stones, potatoes, and

rotten eggs flew about like hailstones." The lives of the little praying band were apparently in great peril, but they escaped unhurt. They returned to Godshill, praying for their persecutors, praising God for His preserving grace, and refreshed their bodies with *bread and water*.

With details such as these, many pages, referring exclusively to the Isle of Wight, might be filled ; it is, however, enough to state that Mr. Bailey and his brave companions had to endure "a great fight of afflictions," but were greatly blessed of God, and their chief opposers very often being changed into choice friends. When sinners were pricked to the heart, some confusion was naturally the consequence. On one such occasion, a person greatly increased the confusion by his furious noise, and said, "It was not like religion." The preacher told him he had none, and if he did not repent and believe he too would perish. An old backslider who joined in the lamentation was told to repent and do his first works. The joy of preaching the gospel was, to Mr. Bailey, so great, that he said he would gladly live a thousand years to be engaged in the blessed work. Cases of persecution were very common, but they were little noticed, taken almost as a matter of course, so that we should be ignorant of them now, so far as any record in Mr. Bailey's journal is concerned, if there were not pleasing instances of conversion to relate in connection with them. "I gave two notes of admittance to a man and his wife who greatly persecuted me when I first went to the place where they lived." The joy this afforded him must be akin to the joy that fills the heart of Christ when "He sees of the travail of His soul," infinitely greater than the joy of the proudest monarch or the highest archangel.

In Surrey and Hampshire, after persecution had

ceased in great measure in the Isle of Wight, Mr. Bailey had to encounter again and again the fury of the mob. His wife, with her infant son in her arms, has sometimes stood between her husband and the swarming enemy, in the hope that her weakness might prove a shield and a defence. At Alton, Mr. Bailey “was driven out of the town by the mob, and stoned for upwards of two miles by more than two hundred men and boys.” The Sunday after two thousand people collected in a field near the town to hear him preach. It was soon discovered that the right-minded, the right-hearted, were in such a majority that the wicked were restrained. At Crondall, the house in which Mr. Bailey was to preach was taken forcible possession of by about forty rebels determined to drive the preacher out of the place. They formed themselves into a club, subscribing five shillings each, that they might have funds to defend any one of their number who might be prosecuted. But the Lord was at work also, and many of the “baser sort” became converted to the faith. It is now well known, what was at that time shrewdly suspected, that persons of education and position, from whom better things might have been expected, instigated the roughs to do what they would have been ashamed to be seen doing themselves. But when complaint was made to the magistrates, their decisions were almost invariably in favour of the missionaries. Mr. Bailey seemed to his friends to possess a charmed life. They thought it was imperilled when he had to return from distant places by lonely roads at a late hour. There were more ominous signs than the open threats in which many indulged. Attacked he has been more than once, but his own activity and strength, and acquired skill in wrestling, were more than a match for his assailants, and when this was not enough the blow missed its aim, the shot its victim, turned aside by an unseen Hand,

or at the critical moment a friend or a stranger appeared on the scene, or the consciences of his would-be-murderers were aroused into unwonted momentary activity by the Spirit of God, causing them to forego their purpose. Once when going to *Whitwell*, in the Isle of Wight, he was terribly threatened with what the mob would do to him if he ventured ; but like Luther he would have gone, if he thought it to be his duty, whatever the result, and he went. Before he got to the village a large dog met him and kept by him all the time he was preaching, and when he left it accompanied him until he was clear of the place and the people, and then left him. Whose it was, or where it came from, he never knew. But who can doubt that He who commanded the ravens to feed Elijah, and the lions to protect Daniel, commissioned this faithful dog to guard His servant in this instance, as no one ventured to molest him. At one place in Sussex he was very roughly treated. Not being able to silence him else, bell-ringing was resorted to. When his service was over, Mr. Bailey went to the belfry with the intention of reproofing the ringers. A strong impression not to do so suddenly possessed him, and he turned away without carrying out his purpose. He afterwards learned that they had "vowed" to take away his life if he reproved them on that occasion, as knowing his habit, they fully expected him to do. The inhabitants of one village fearing that the man who was turning the villages around upside down, would visit them also, sent him a message not to come there, for the parson and clerk, the farmers, mechanics, and labourers were all good Christians. "If they are," Mr. Bailey said, "I should like to see them, and they will like to see me." So one fine summer evening he took his stand in the open air, near the church, and began to sing. Some tried to drown his

voice by bawling as loud as they could ; others by ringing the church bells, and others by throwing stones, one striking him so hard as to cut his head, so that the blood ran over his face while he was warning these “Good Christians,” as they called themselves, to “flee from the wrath to come.” So enraged were they that he could not preach them into silence, and he therefore fell on his knees and fervently prayed that his enemies might be forgiven, and obtain the grace to accept the gospel message. While thus engaged the man who had thrown the stone which struck him drew near and begged his pardon. Mr. Bailey said, “I am no pope to grant you pardon, but get away at once to Jesus Christ, and I'll ask Him to have mercy on thee, and save thee from a hell of fire ! The devil tempted you to throw a stone to break my head ; the Lord has, in some measure, broken thy heart ; and I am willing to have the other side of my head broken, if the Lord will break the heart of another person and save his soul from hell.”

At another time a blacksmith threw a “clinker” at him, which hit his head with such violence that it might have ended his life ; but all bespattered as he was, and weak as he soon became through the loss of blood, he continued to preach Christ, offering salvation with such pathos and power to every one who would accept it, till the blacksmith himself became humble as a little child, and trembled greatly before the Lord, when Mr. Bailey said, “You threw a ‘clinker’ to break my head, and the Lord has enabled me to throw a *gospel* ‘clinker’ to break your heart.” The Word of God is a hammer to break the rocky heart in pieces, as it is a sword to pierce and a fire to purify.

The meaning of the text which tells us to have compassion on some, “making a difference ;” and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, the preacher

had well learned. It is beautiful to sing with Charles Wesley—

“ Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again :
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

“ I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.”

But to possess such a faith and love and zeal, and to find a heaven of bliss in saving men almost in spite of themselves, is to attain to a simplicity of moral grandeur, and to exhibit heroism of character and a devotion to duty, such as God Himself must contemplate with satisfaction, and which fills the Saviour and all sympathising spectators with exulting joy.

There were some persons who tried Mr. Bailey's patience much more than poor ignorant people. A lukewarm professor he seemed to hold in as much abhorrence as did the Saviour himself. Wolves in sheep's clothing, and ministers and members who thought more of their sect than of Christ and the salvation of souls, would kindle his whole nature into a passion of invective and indignation. Two different parties had preached in a certain village, and had abandoned it for years. Mr. Bailey visited the people. Presently there was a great awakening among them. Many were gathered unto Christ. One of the ministers then came back, and not satisfied with reaping the harvest of others, denounced the workmen themselves in no measured terms. “ But that minister,” Mr. Bailey said, and the

people emphatically endorsed his views, “was like a drone bee who could only eat the honey that others had been at so much pains to gather.” On another occasion he says, “Two baptized professors attacked me like bears or lions out of a wood. I told them if they were not washed in the blood of the Lamb they would go to hell, and that the want of love among professors was damning thousands of souls.” But it is pleasant to have facts to set off against such as these; one such may be given. It was indeed a glorious revenge Mr. Bailey had a little later, when another minister belonging to the same denomination as the “drone bee” rose, after he had preached, and said, “I have never felt, though I have been a minister of one church fifteen years, the power of the Gospel as I have done this night.” That night was a crisis in his history, and he began to preach Christ crucified as he had never done before, and with the same blessed results as he had witnessed in the service conducted by Mr. Bailey.

CHAPTER IX.

DOCTRINAL VIEWS.

TO Mr. Bailey's fervent piety and zealous exertions, to his ardent gratitude to the Saviour, and his compassionate love for his fellow-men, the foregoing pages bear striking witness. To be morally right, a new creature in Christ Jesus, a loyal subject of the King of kings, and a sincere follower of Him "who was meek and lowly in heart," was, in his view, the one thing needful. But he firmly believed that consistent Christian conduct, and vigorous Christian life, could only be inspired and maintained by correct Christian principles. It is certainly true that "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right," but his life cannot be in the right who cherishes error or falsehood as if it were the very truth of Christ, the "good tree" only can produce the "good fruit," while the "corrupt tree" must bring forth "evil fruit." The fountain must be pure else the streams cannot be. The heart must be renewed if the life is to be "blameless and harmless." This is only saying, indirectly, what the Scriptures plainly teach, that "unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." The sincerity for which some so earnestly plead is not sufficient. It is perfectly true that if sincerity be wanting, a noble character cannot be built up, but sincerity is not all that a "God of truth and without iniquity" justly requires. No man is safe, (is it presumptuous to say, *no man can be saved?*) who believes a lie that touches the very foundation and essence

of the Christian faith. A man must build on Christ to be saved at all, and if he build on Him of "wood, hay, stubble," he will be saved, it is true, but it will only be as "by fire." And "sincerity" is not the only, the infallible, safeguard against error. The captain of a ship makes an error in his calculations, and steering his ship in consequence straight on to the rocks, it is lost with all hands on board. A dose of poison instead of medicine is administered by mistake to the patient, and a few minutes later he dies in agony indescribable. And while individuals, however intelligent or pious, and churches, however honourable their history, or pure their creed, or numerous their adherents, cannot justly claim that they "possess the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," certainty in religion is not an impossibility. We know that we have not followed "cunningly devised fables." "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." True obedience to Christ is the fruit of knowledge, and it is also the key by which we may unlock its heavenly treasures. Christ's own promise to His disciples was, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." In one respect more precious is the word, "If it were not so," if you had been indulging false opinions and hopes, "I would have told you." It makes a difference then, we venture to suggest, which side we take in some vital religious controversy, or whether we join the Roman Catholic or some Protestant church. Mr. Bailey was, as the whole tenor of his life showed, and some incidents thereof in particular, a sturdy Protestant; but he did not hesitate to join Roman Catholics in some good work, and he did not sacrifice his consistency thereby, any more than Christians do who mix with unbelievers to promote some great work of public utility. He was a strong evangelical Arminian, but a zealous Calvinist

was more to his liking than a cold, formal, and pretentious Arminian. He might almost be called a rabid Dissenter; the union of Church and State was, in his view, full of dishonour to Christ, and of danger both to Church and State, yet some of his choicest personal friends, both clerical and lay, belonged to the Established Church. It would be easy to find reasons to justify Mr. Bailey, but it is enough for us to state the fact without attempting to do that or to appraise its significance. Surely no argument is needed to prove that Roman Catholics and Protestants may unite in works of practical benevolence, that Calvinists and Arminians, building on the same foundation, and trusting in the same Saviour, may magnify the grace of God in each other, and that Churchmen and Dissenters may cultivate and exhibit a Christian charity and a manly candour, without compromising their principles or sacrificing their consistency.

Mr. Bailey was an evangelical Arminian of the most decided type. The *universality* of Christ's atonement, of the Church's commission, and of the gospel offer of salvation, ever occupied a foremost place in his theological system and in his public ministrations. He never probably had a single doubt that the declarations, "He gave Himself a ransom for all," and that "He by the grace of God tasted death for every man," literally meant what every unprejudiced person must think they mean.

What has been said about Lorenzo Dow, might be applied with some modifications to Mr. Bailey: "Against Atheism, Deism, Universalism, and Calvinism, he constantly directed his sermons, and spared no convincing argument, no witty sally, no biting sarcasm, to confute and bring them into contempt. The central doctrine of Calvinism — that of unconditional fore-ordination — he

looked upon as the parent of all heterodoxy. ‘The Bible saith, *Christ* gave Himself for ALL (1 Tim. ii. 4, 6; 1 John ii. 2.) A double L does not spell *part*, nor *some*, nor *few*; but it means all.’ Adherents of the Westminster Confession he styled ‘A double L—part men;’ and in the ‘Chain of Reasons and Reflections,’ which contains his doctrinal system, justly described their preaching as somewhat like this :

‘You can, and you can’t;
You shall, and you shan’t;
You will, and you won’t;
You’ll be damned if you do,
And be damned if you don’t;

‘thus contradicting themselves that people must do, and yet they cannot do, and God must do all, and at the same time invites them to come to Christ.’” “Foolish Dick’s” witty comment on Hebrews ii. 9, to his strongly Calvinistic female friends, “that as Christ died for every *man*, if He did not die for every *person*, it must be the *women* for whom He did not die,” Mr. Bailey would repeat with a facetious smile of approval, that many a rigid Calvinist must have inwardly confessed was positively charming. The Saviour’s command, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” did not, in Mr. Bailey’s opinion, leave the smallest loophole for any disciple to shrink from the duty of proclaiming the Gospel till every child of Adam had heard the joyful sound, and it is the *Gospel*, which fact Mr. Bailey would *emphasise*, that is to be preached to every creature. The *offer* of mercy, coextensive with human wants and human woes, must be made in all sincerity. He could not believe that God had commissioned His ambassadors to proclaim to their hearers the name of a Saviour in whom they could not believe, warn

them of a hell they could not escape, or invite them to a heaven they could never hope to reach.

The universality of the atonement, and the efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin, were, in Mr. Bailey's view, the most glorious characteristics of a Gospel that was all-glorious ; and, oh, what wondrous truths are these ! Brightest of all the stars, loveliest of all the flowers, richest of all the precious stones, most glorious of all revealed truths,—one such star would make a sky, one such flower a nosegay, one such stone a crown, one such truth a Bible !

Well acquainted with Mr. Bailey's theological views, and knowing how much he enjoyed scoring a good point against his theological antagonists, I told him once that I had seen the "five points" tersely and wittily put. "How?" was the immediate inquiry. "In this way : 'Men get religion when they do not want it ; if they have got it, they do not know it ; if they know it, they have not got it ; if they have got it, they can never lose it ; if they lose it, they never had it.'" A Calvinist might object that this humorous description of his religious sentiments was not just or sufficient, but they would not have robbed the "old man eloquent" of the pleasure the recital afforded him, if they had seen his relaxed features, his look of glad surprise, his bright smile.

His horror of Calvinistic doctrines seemed almost natural ; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and after mature reflection on this matter, his opinion was, that they led naturally in certain dispositions and circumstances, by a few easy steps, to Antinomian laxity of life. But his horror was doubtless intensified by the fierce opposition he almost everywhere received in his evangelistic labours from the high doctrine men, who had certain favourite notions in their

heads and certain pet phrases on their tongues, but who had none of the grace of God in their hearts, because they brought forth none of the fruits of righteousness in their lives. I remember when a youth an aged teacher of this kind enticing a young person to sin. The tempted trembled at the probable consequences, when the other rejoined, "*But we are safe if in the ark.*" If in the ark, indeed ! as if there could be an IF in such a case ! But I have lived long enough to learn that practical Antinomianism is not limited to persons holding one set of religious opinions. What some persons understand by a life of faith leads them to hold the truth in unrighteousness, and if they are not chargeable with doing evil that good may come, their good is only a mere fancied good, their hope a mere delusive hope, which cannot yield them strength or comfort in the end.

It is important to state that in Mr. Bailey's ministrations due prominence was always given to three points of cardinal importance : Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost. Calvin himself could not maintain more earnestly than he did that salvation is all of grace, or Luther preach more clearly that justification is by faith alone, or Arminius insist more strongly on the necessity of good works, while the perseverance of the *saints* was ever a favourite topic of discourse. He held with Elisha Coles the doctrine of divine sovereignty, though conscientiously unable to do so in the same sense ; with John Owen, that the glory exceeding all other glory is the Divine glory of Christ ; with Richard Watson, universal redemption by the only Saviour of men. Mr. Spurgeon cannot be more profoundly impressed with the mischief that the pestilential dogma of Baptismal Regeneration has wrought in the world than was Mr. Bailey ; and he was one in opinion

with Dr. Cumming, Dr. MacNeile, and others respecting Transubstantiation, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Purgatory, the Worship of the Virgin, and the other corruptions of the Church of Rome.

In the Church of the future, perhaps in the near future, the good in all communions will be drawn nearer together. The Calvinian, or rather Augustinian, theology has been leavened by Methodist theology, and that in its turn quite as largely by the other. The Calvinism of Dr. Wardlaw was not the same as the Calvinism of Elisha Coles and Augustus Toplady. Modifications of theological systems have been made so largely, the process of disintegration on minor matters has gone on so freely, that there is much reason to hope that on all essential points there will be in the future a close approximation, if not a perfect identity, of sentiments. Methodists almost unanimously reject Dr Adam Clarke's peculiar opinions on the foreknowledge of God, and many modern Calvinists reject the particular redemption views of their forefathers. The time we trust is hastening on when all the doctrines taught by the different churches shall be so modified by one another, so skilfully and lovingly blended, that, like as all the colours of the rainbow united form the pure ray of light, the truth of God, without any admixture of error, shall be universally taught, to the praise and glory of our common Redeemer.

Mr. Bailey was not the man to conceal his opinions, and sometimes his convictions were so strong that he was constrained to speak and act in an unusual way. I am informed that on one Sabbath he entered a Roman Catholic place of worship. He listened to the intoned prayers in a tongue unknown to the bulk of the worshippers with commendable patience, and he witnessed also the bowings and genuflexions and processions of

the priests apparently unmoved. But while listening to the sermon his spirit was stirred within him, and his indignation overflowed. "Priest!" he said, "you are telling lies! you are deceiving your hearers with your false and soul-destroying doctrines, *and you know it!*" This charge was all the more pointed as the priest was a pervert, had been a staunch Protestant for many years, and highly esteemed for his piety and good works. He walked down the aisle, some of the congregation moving also, but Mr. Bailey was allowed to depart in peace. The priest told a friend afterwards, in the course of a long conversation, that if this interruption had occurred in Spain or Italy, or in some other countries, Mr. Bailey would have escaped with difficulty. The priest has since died, and my informant tells me, it is believed, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, relying solely on the death and intercession and merits of Christ for salvation.

On another occasion he heard a man preach. "I felt to tell him," he says, "that God had not sent him, but I did not do my duty, and was cast down in mind. I was much grieved that a blind preacher should pretend to shew blind sinners the way to heaven."

"There was much opposition in one place," he says, "because I told the people that 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God,' and if ministers do not preach that doctrine now, and every other they find in the Bible, it is because God has not sent them, or it is because they are afraid of losing their silk gloves and stockings, and fine clothes, and splendid chapels, and fat livings." No wonder he was sometimes much tried when compelled to listen to a mere "harmless sermon."

"Some proud Antinomians stood up against me. I told them their doctrines came from hell, and had sent

hundreds and thousands to everlasting perdition. Their doctrines came from hell, because if true the wretchedest sinners God has made to be so, while the Bible declares He is good to all, and His tender mercies are over *all* his works. The declaration, God is love, is in itself a sufficient argument against the doctrine of Eternal Reprobation."

Once Mr. Bailey saw a carriage, which contained one or two persons belonging to the Society of "Friends," or "Quakers," driven to a certain house. He approached, opened the door, and without any introduction or apology said, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." One of the Friends answered "Yea." "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The "Friend" answered as before. Mr. Bailey spoke once again: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Again assent was given. These favourable responses secured, Mr. Bailey said, "Now I am as good a 'Quaker' as you are, and you are as good a 'Bible Christian' as I am!" He then said "Good day," closed the carriage door, and went on his way.

CHAPTER X

THE SECRET OF POWER.

M R. BAILEY could not have abounded for so many years in the work of the Lord in the way described in the foregoing pages if the springs of his spiritual life had not been in God. He was *always* drawing water from the wells of salvation. His knowledge and enjoyment of the deep things of God is (we say is, for to *know* them is surely to enjoy them) the most precious fact which his jottings concerning himself have brought to light. When obliged to retire from active work, no one could say that he had *not been brave*, but few comparatively knew how brave, in the midst of pain and weakness, he was then. To his brethren in Conference assembled he wrote, in July 1851, as follows :—

“I hope these few lines will find you all in good health of body and soul, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. My prayer for you is, that you may all live holily, happily, usefully, then die triumphantly, and be saved to heaven eternally. May the Lord grant it, Amen and Amen.

It is the request of Brother Martin, and I believe of the district meeting also, that I should state to you my views for the future. This is the hardest task I have ever had to do. I have been with you body and soul, as a preacher, for nearly thirty-three years. Praying, reading, visiting the dear people, and preaching Christ, the Sinner’s Friend, have been my delight, my

heaven. If I had my choice and the strength I once had, I would rather continue to labour as I have done in the poorest circuit or mission than be either a king or an angel. I believe Bible Christian preachers have privileges above all other ministers in the nation,* and while I live I hope to be one among them in some little way. My great grief is, that my health will not admit of my taking any station. For forty-nine years I was a stranger to weakness or anything of the kind, but for the last seven I can say that, by the grace of God, I have been a martyr to the cause. No person can tell what I have suffered, and the very hard work it has been to do the little that I have done. It would be a great injustice to all parties concerned for me to undertake what I cannot perform. Sometimes I am unable to read, or think, or pray; I have gone to the extreme, perhaps, in time past, both in walking and preaching; I have done more than I ought, according to my strength, but this I must leave with the Lord. My eye was single, and if I had the strength, nothing would delight me so much as to go over the ground again. My body and soul still belong to God, and to the Bible Christian Connexion, and if ever I should be a little stronger, I am off again, if you can find a little corner for me. Believe me, my dear brethren, that the greatest trial I ever had is, that I cannot continue to labour as in the past. Sometimes I think it will kill me. I dare not think much about it. If you could tell what I have to pass through at this time, every one of you, I know, would pray for me with all his might.

“ I should like to remain in the Isle of Wight for several

* These must be, we suppose, using Mr. Bailey's own words, because they have had to walk more miles, preach more times, make more sacrifices than God has required of others.

reasons. 1. To speak without reserve, I have spent all the money I had, as well as my strength, in the cause, and I have nothing to fall back upon. The Lord knows that we have given all we could to the cause, and saved all we could for it. In all our affliction—from first to last—we have never charged one doctor's bill to the Connexion. 2. I am at home on the Island, and think I can be as useful here as in any place. But whatever may be your decision, I hope still to live and work for God. Were it not for my poor afflicted wife, and my boy, I would rather go at once to heaven or to the 'Union,' than be a burden to any one. This is my grief, day and night.

"As to the state of my soul, thank God, all is well. My sins are pardoned, and my soul is sanctified. I have only one mind, that is, to live to God and for God in all things, and do the little I can to promote the world's salvation. . . . Do pray for me in this time of trial.—Yours as ever in Christ,

"WILLIAM BAILEY."

This, in our opinion, is such a letter as an apostle might have written, and is alike honourable to the writer and to his brethren. But Mr. Bailey had to spend more than twenty years in comparative seclusion before the Master said to him, Come up higher. These were years of great affliction and much weakness, but he could not be wholly inactive long. The old flame burst out ever and anon, and all "pain and grief" was for the time forgotten. When unable to preach himself, under the Word or in the prayer-meeting, he was often so filled with the Spirit that he was constrained, whatever the consequences, to exhort sinners to repent, or encourage believers to trust in the Lord. Getting a little stronger, he made a great effort to raise a

“Society” in the town of Ryde, and, seconded by the efforts of others, especially by Mr. F. J. Wheeler, he built a chapel which has been the centre of successful evangelistic efforts from that time to the present. He came to the Conference of 1861, which happened to be held at the same place as that to which ten years before his letter of resignation was sent. On the Conference Sunday the brethren were scattered abroad “preaching the Word,” but none of them came back, so far as I remember, with such joy as Mr. Bailey did, who once more had “cast the net on the right side of the ship,” thus giving proof that the Lord had called him to be “a fisher of men.”

Mr. Bailey’s letter to the Conference marks, as plainly as do the figures on a dial, his chief characteristics, indicates the surprising variety and extent of his spiritual attainments, and reveals the grand secret of his great usefulness.

He had *a divine call to preach*. Preaching to him was not simply a profession, it was a vocation. It was his meat and drink to do his Heavenly Master’s will. Cessation from his loved work only for a single day made him wish that he should never have a spare night again as long as he lived. To abandon it wholly for the time was almost more than he could bear. His labour had been ungrudging, his sacrifices even a delight. The poorest circuit or mission, because it was a sphere of usefulness, had for him a positive charm. When he and a beloved colleague were about to leave the Isle of Wight, Mr. Bailey prayed that his dear son in the Gospel might be appointed to a comfortable circuit, where there were “troops of friends” (he was appointed to one where he found a *life-long friend*) ; but for himself he said he would be content with the hardest

and worst station that could be found, for that would be much better than he deserved.

He was strongly attached to the ministers and members of his own Church. They might not be—he did not think that they were—better than others, but God had fixed the bounds of his habitation, and the companions of his toils and sufferings were dearer to him than all besides. And no person can heartily work or greatly suffer with and for any people or cause without they or it taking the chief place in his heart. The Church of men's choice, the Church that most fully commends itself to their intelligent sympathy, is more to its members, and ought to be more to them, than any and every other. Many homes may be as bright and happy as our own, but they have not the same charm for us, if that is all that it ought to be. Mr. Bailey's love for his own people was intense and powerful. Like the Shunammite woman he might have said, “I dwell among my own people.” He could not have been related, even in the remotest degree, to the large and, alas ! ever-increasing family of *religious gipsies*. He was satisfied that persons who were everything by turns were nothing long. His testimony was that people, ever in search of novelties, knew but little of the joy of religion. Some of his own Church knew better than he did himself what he could do, while they were satisfied with doing nothing, and this tried his patience ; “but I love them, notwithstanding, from the bottom of my heart.” But the very vehemence of his denominational attachments made him tolerant and just to other communities. Again and again he dissuaded members of other churches who proposed to join his not to do so. Their reasons commonly were but a miserable pretence. “Our minister is always after the money,” said one, “and I can't stand it any longer ; and I really cannot afford to give as much as I

have done." Mr. Bailey inquired, "Have you told your minister how poor you are? if not, it is not his but your fault, even if he presses you for the money." "But our preachers so neglect us," said another; he was told, "Our preachers, I am sure, are no better; and do not your preachers give you the same attention, considering your claims, as they do the other places in the circuit?" "But there is so much strife among our members," urged a third; and he was informed, "You will never find a Church, or at least I don't know of one, where the devil is not busy in the same way." Once, at least, an official meeting, at Mr. Bailey's suggestion, passed a resolution, that as the Methodists were as good Christians as themselves, and their members enjoyed equal if not greater privileges than their own members did, the disaffected were recommended to remain where they were, and if they did not choose to do that, they at any rate could not receive them. At another time Mr. Bailey said, "My joy is full, because the Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and Bible Christians are all joined together as the heart of one man." He was ever ready to co-operate with others, and his readiness to accept the co-operation of others sometimes got him into difficulty with his own friends, whose views were not so broad as his own. One laughable incident may be mentioned. The local preachers of one circuit had taken appointments in the one adjoining, of which Mr. Bailey was pastor. But persons on the ground were so profuse and pressing in their offers of help, that Mr. Bailey made out his "plan" without employing the local preachers in question. Several of his new friends soon failed him, and a host of appointments had to be filled. To his old friends Mr. Bailey now resorted. One of them at once plainly told him, "No, I shall not help you on in any way." "But do go to W—— next Sunday, and

I'll give you a text." "I may possibly go if you do that —what is it?" "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "That will apply to both of us, I think," and as Mr. Bailey assented, the matter was soon settled. "How one preacher can envy the success of another, or one Church the prosperity of another, when the end of all preaching and churches is the salvation of souls, is what," Mr. Bailey said, "I cannot understand." He went to hear a preacher who, report said, horribly distorted and mutilated the truth, with the intention of publicly exposing him. But though he differed from much the preacher said, yet as he believed he declared the truth concerning Christ and His great salvation, he not only desisted from his purpose, but publicly thanked the man for his testimony.

But Mr Bailey's *strongest point was his own deep and joyful religious experience.* In the early morning the Sun of Righteousness dispersed all the clouds, and they never gathered again so as to hide His face or obstruct His rays. Mrs Elizabeth Fry said on her deathbed, "Since the Lord touched my heart at seventeen years of age, I have never awoke, by day or by night, in sickness or in health, but what my first thought has been how I might best glorify God." The question on Mr. Bailey's lip, the ruling thought of his mind, the deepest feeling of his heart always was, How can I better serve Thee, how can I more ardently love Thee, O thou blessed Saviour, Who hast redeemed my soul from sin, and death, and hell? Christianity is Christ, so Christ is the one word which included the whole and every part of Mr. Bailey's spiritual life. Gilfillan pauses at one point in the character of the Apostle Paul which has been seldom noticed, namely, his passion for Christ Jesus. "This became," he says, "the main feeling in

the breast of the persecutor. He had a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which was far better : 'If, by any means I might attain unto the *resurrection*, that is, to Him who said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.' Every third sentence of his epistles, indeed, gleams with the name and glory of Christ ; his feeling amounts to fascination. One might fancy that the face he had seen on the way to Damascus had ever afterwards haunted his vision. It is not the distant throb of admiration which he feels to Moses ; it is the panting of one full of love. The heart of him who, had only seen Christ as 'one born out of due time, seems to heave in emulation of John, who had lain in His bosom, and of Peter, who had been with Him on the holy Mount.' The name, the character, the work, the command, the presence, the spirit of Christ had the same irresistible fascination for Mr. Bailey. He was indeed all his salvation and all his desire. Here are some of his words of love, and trust, and adoration : "I have no other refuge than the wounds of Christ." "All my hope of heaven is grounded on the atonement." "He is the one immovable foundation on which I build for eternity."

" Oh how happy is my soul
When Jesus' blood doth speak it whole."

"He is very precious to me." "He is unspeakably precious to me." His love is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." "It is all my boast that Christ died for me." "All is precious that comes from Christ." "I only want Him for my portion." "Thou makest the very thought of death, judgment, and eternity sweet to me." "I could go to hell to do His blessed will." "His love flows into my soul like a sea." "His love is so sweet to me that I could stay for ever and ever in

the world to preach Christ.” “I was so happy in Christ that I could not sleep all the night.” If he took a journey, Christ was with him all the way ; if he conversed with beloved friends, Christ made their hearts to burn within them ; if he slept, his dreams were of Christ and heaven. “I want to love Christ more, His people more, His word more, His house more, prayer more, praise more, poor sinners more, and Thee, O thou blessed Saviour, with all my heart. Glory ! Glory ! Glory !” “With one I can say, ‘I love to think, and hear, and read, and speak of Thee. I love Thy commands, I love Thy yoke, Thy ministers, Thy name. I am pleased when Thou art pleased, grieved when Thou art grieved. Thy will is my will, Thy dishonour my affliction, Thy cause my cause, Thy ministers are my stars, Thy saints my companions, Thy word is my rule, Thy glory my end.’” It is to us beautiful exceedingly to read Mr. Bailey’s reflections after opening a new place for preaching, when he had to sleep in a stable, after walking fourteen miles without taking any refreshment. The Inn was closed against him because he was a preacher. But nothing could damp his joy. “It would take the tongue of an angel to tell of all Christ’s love to me this day. Nothing is worth living for but Christ. If a stable was good enough for the Saviour to be born in, it is surely good enough for the least and humblest of His servants to lodge in. What a mercy to have a stable to lie down in ! The greatest of all blessings is Thy love in the heart. My soul ought never to be dull, for thou, my blessed Jesus, art always lovely, altogether lovely, and Thy love is always precious !”

“ The glory of my glory still shall be,
To give all glory and myself to Thee.”

“ And if in the eternal world,
Married to Christ I be,

My living springs, O King of kings,
Shall still run fresh in Thee."

The soul cannot thus burn with love to Christ without its bursting forth in compassionate love for men. The exclamation of Jeremiah: "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," often escaped Mr. Bailey's lips. It was true of him as of the Psalmist: "Rivers of waters run down my eyes, because they keep not Thy law." Into the spirit of the Saviour's lament: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes;" he drank most deeply. His soul burned with love for the salvation of men, whom he loved for the sake of Him who loved each one of them with an infinite love. "If souls are not saved, I cannot rest," he said, "nor long live." Under the influence of the constraining love of Christ, he made almost super-human efforts to save them. "I took hold," he said, "of both horns of the altar for poor sinners," and he was pressing, almost passionate, in his entreaties to them to "be reconciled to God." And when his efforts were crowned with success, as they often were, his gratitude flowed forth afresh, and his desires became so enlarged that he could not rest satisfied till the kingdom of his Saviour embraced all mankind. His body might crave for repose, but preaching four or five times a day, walking many miles, visiting and praying with ten or a dozen families, was hardly enough for one who was so greatly refreshed in spirit as he was, and "blessed in

every time and place.” “A whole night in prayer” *for* one person at one time, and *with* him the next, was not too much to expect of a minister who wished, above all else, “to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” Here we have the key to those cautions to persons, almost prophetic in their solemnity, against all rash attempts to put out the wild fire in revivals lest the true fire should be extinguished at the same time. Though thus inspired, and dominated by a master-purpose, he could find time for all the ordinary details of circuit work. The building of chapels must be proceeded with, absentees from the class-meeting and the public service must be visited, the hedge of discipline must be kept up, all the business of the Church must be transacted with promptitude and despatch, long letters must be written to friends removed to a distance, fellow helpers to the truth must be stimulated to greater exertions, because no part of a minister’s work can be neglected without injuring his usefulness. Some persons found fault with him for giving certain brethren their tickets who had absented themselves from the class-meeting. “I believe,” he says, “many who stay away from the class want comfort instead of the rod. To be harsh with such is one way of driving them away altogether. If our souls were always filled with love in Christ,

“‘Oh how tender we should be
To every child of His.’”

Such an incident has a volume of meaning, when we remember how strict a disciplinarian he was, and that in instances innumerable he withheld the members’ tickets if they would not walk according to rule.

When he thought it to be his duty once to exclude one member from society, and put others back on trial,

he did it with tears, and with the prayer, "Lord, Lord, forgive me if I have done wrong."

In order to save men, he willingly, when really necessary, took the place of the master in a school one day, stood behind the tradesman's counter the next; and joined the farmer's men in the harvest field the day afterwards. The children had a hearty welcome to "The School of Christ," the customers were exhorted to buy "gold tried in the fire, that they might be rich;" and the harvest folks were not allowed to forget the great harvest.

Above everything else, his own progress in the divine life must be secured at all hazards. Mr. Bailey had learned what the Scripture means, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Soon after his conversion he writes : "The best time I ever had in prayer or in preaching;" and when five, or ten, or twenty years later he uses the same form of words, none can tell how much better the "best" was later than it was years before. His matured opinion on the Methodist doctrine of Entire Sanctification was, "that it was the privilege of all men in this life, and that it is only received by faith out of the fulness of Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost. I enjoy it in a measure in my own soul, and my prayer is, that I may enjoy it in all its fulness as expressed by the Apostle Paul, 'That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.' Oh for a greater and higher state than mere freedom from sin."

" When from the curse He set me free,
He made my nature clean ;
Nor would He send His Son to be
The minister of sin."

At another time he says : "My soul is completely filled with God. The Lord has been maturing me for

heaven for more than fifty years.” And at another: “The Blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin, and has, moment by moment, for several years past.” He had a terrible conflict, one temptation had followed him more than twenty years, but he “cast one anchor into the ground of promise, another into the redeeming love of God, and yet another into the ground of resignation,” and Jesus had kept him from falling. Again he writes: “The devil is still striving with all his might to tear my soul from God. But I find my Saviour to be an Omnipotent friend, omniscient, omnipresent, watchful, loving, faithful, compassionate, close. And though I do not pray enough, or believe enough, or read enough, or love enough, or hope enough, yet I know that He loves me, and that is heaven. To lose my will in His, I see to be perfection. I am dependent on my Saviour every moment, and for everything.”

“‘When I embrace Him still I see
It’s only His embracing me;
I have no good but what He gave,
Yet He commands the good I have.’”

No moment of his life was he willing to live without God, and no part of his conduct would he conceal from his best friend. On his wedding day, “when we had taken our stations in the church,” he says, “I was constrained to praise God. These words came to my mind, ‘If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.’ The will of God is all. When the minister was praying for God’s blessing on us both, I felt as much blest as ever I did in my life. We had not only the people’s Amen, but the Lord’s Amen too.”

His feelings, Mr. Bailey knew, were not always a safe guide—he often had to do violence to them; but when his faith was in lively exercise, he felt “as if all devils must fly before the mighty power of God.” And then

“immortal hope” must have been as “lively as faith,” for he often saw “rivers and seas of light, love, and peace” just before him. Seeking to live according to the will of Christ in all things, that his might be emphatically *a preaching life*, his study was to

“ Let the best course of life his choice invite,
For custom soon would turn it to delight.”

His advice to others, “to keep the copy of their lives free from blots and blurs,” he diligently followed himself. “I desire to fear the Lord,” on another occasion he writes, “and to walk in all His ways. Let Temperance restrain me, Prudence admonish me, Justice guide my hand, Benevolence warm my heart, and Gratitude inspire me with devotion.” At another, “I prayed for strength to resist temptation, patience to endure suffering, and constancy to persevere in the heavenly road.” Here are his Golden Rules to be kept with humility and faithfulness :

“ Let the judgment I form of myself be governed by humility.

“ Let the judgment I form of others be dictated by charity.

“ Let the desire to please myself be moderated by self-denial.

“ Let my desire to please others be stimulated by benevolence.”

More at length he writes at another time. “I want,” he says, “to be more holy. That I may be, let me—

“ 1. Learn to have a continual eye inwardly to my spiritual life, as I had in my carnal state all my mind and regard to outward pleasure and worldly things.

“ 2. To give myself up unto the discipline of Jesus, and become His scholar; resigning myself altogether to obey Him in all things.

“ 3. To keep my memory from all strange imaginations, and be filled with the virtues of Christ’s life and passion, that God may continually rest in my mind.

“ 4. To exercise myself in the perfect denial of all things which may let or impede my union with Christ. Mortify in myself everything that is not of God, and which He loveth not.

“ 5. Resist all affection to and seeking of myself, which is sin, natural to men in all the good which they desire or do, and in all the evil which they suffer.

“ 6. Mortify all pleasure in meat, drink, and vain thoughts. Vain thoughts will defile the soul, grieve the Holy Ghost, and do great damage to my spiritual life.

“ 7. Imprint on my heart the image of Jesus Christ crucified. Think of His humility, poverty, mildness, and let my thoughts of Him turn into affection, and my knowledge into love.

“ 8. Mortify all bitterness of heart towards others, and all complacency in myself, all vainglory, and desire of esteem in words and deeds, in gifts and graces.

“ 9. Avoid all vain speculations on unnecessary things, human or divine. The perfect life of a Christian consisteth not in high knowledge, but in profound meekness, in holy simplicity, and in the ardent love of God.

“ 10. Take all afflictions as tokens of God’s love to me, and trials of my love to Him, and purposes of kindness to enrich me, and increase in me more plentifully His blessed gifts and spiritual graces.

“ 11. Whatsoever befalleth me I hope to receive it, not as from the hand of any creature, but from God alone, and render back all to Him, seeking in all things His pleasure and honour, and my own sanctification.

“ 12. Remember always the presence of God, rejoice

always in the will of God, do everything to the glory of God."

Living thus in close communion with God, his privileges were exceeding great and precious. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." When, on his way home one night, it was as if a voice had said, "'There is another preacher come to the Island,' and when I told the friends they could tell me that one had just arrived."

A young friend of his was appointed to B——. While praying about it, he was impressed that he ought not to go there. The longer he prayed, the more unsettled he became. He decided to consult Mr. Bailey. Immediately he saw him, Mr. Bailey said, "I know what you have come to see me about. You must not go to B——." And he did not; and probably the whole course of his life was altered in consequence.

But Mr. Bailey would not be likely to hastily act on such impressions as these, as he made the "lively oracles" his daily study and constant guide. Other books besides the Bible he diligently read, as his apt quotations from the poets and eminent divines clearly show; "but the Bible was to him always, he says, "like a candle fresh lighted." "It is the best book, as Jesus is the only Saviour." "I have no more doubt that the Bible is the Word of God than if I had seen it all written by the finger of God with my mortal eyes."

Many examples of his faithfulness, and of his wise and witty sayings, have been given, but we may fitly close this little volume with a few, selected from many others. He once preached from, "I never knew you." More than one of his hearers confessed that night that none could continue in the dark as to their relation to God. On another occasion God had enabled him to lay open the human heart, and many did not know how vile

they were before. He overheard some women speak about the sermon afterwards, condemning it as being too severe, when he cried out, "Go on, granny, I like to hear all about it."

On more than one occasion, as if able to discern spirits, he has told persons they were hypocrites.

Once, when he told a man he was one, he confessed that it was true. "His agony was so great," Mr. Bailey says, "while I prayed, that it almost seemed as if he were in hell. His piercing cries were most distressing. He told us to pray for his wife and children, and for ourselves, but for him it was too late. I prayed with him for hours without effect, and left him looking for the wrath to come."

He told a Mr. M—— who had opposed him publicly that he was a hypocrite, and that if he wanted to see himself in a glass he had only to look into the Epistle of Jude and the 2nd chapter of the 2nd Epistle of Peter.

Here are a few of his pithy sayings :—

"The devil uses good men as tools to do what he could not do without them."

"Is the meat too strong for you children, then make haste and grow to be men."

"I plainly see that all men are fools in themselves, wise only in Christ."

"I find myself to be a poor fool, and the longer I live the greater fool I find myself to be."

"Sinners are afraid of death, but not of their sins."

After baptizing a child, he told the parents they must first teach it by *example*, then by *precept*, and last of all by *correction*.

He much wished to have Mr. Francis Martin as his colleague in the Isle of Wight, who was not satisfied he was called to the work. After a time he consented to go

for a month or two, but had a very rough passage by the steamer from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and lost his hat on the way. Mr. Bailey said, "I knew the Lord would stripe you ; you should have come with me, and then you would have had a beautiful passage, and not lost your hat," &c. After a month or two Mr. Martin thought of returning home, as his doubts had not been removed. Mr. Bailey said, "The devil is tempting you to quit a field of usefulness, but I would not venture to go in the same vessel for all the wealth of the Indies, for I am sure the vessel would be wrecked and no whale near to save life." Respecting another young brother, unwilling to preach, he asked, "Miss S., did you know Jonah ?" "No," she answered. "Nor did I," said Mr. Bailey, "but here is his first cousin ; I love him dearly, but I would not work with him for a hundred pounds a week, for I should be afraid the judgments of God would swallow us both up."

"A preacher, by the name of F——, said men are saved in Christ before they are born, Paul says they are saved in Christ by faith after they are born. If a thing could be and not be at the same time, wise men might believe his statement to be true, but as that cannot be, I wonder fools do."

"God's love the cause of man's salvation,
Man's sin the cause of his damnation."

"Some people attend the chapel, but let the devil keep house at home."

"I envy not the man who confines himself to his study, walled around and covered over with Clarke, Benson, Henry, Burkett, Brown, Wesley, Dwight, Simpson, Fox, and others. No, the Bible, the Spirit, and intercourse with the people, with my own experience, are the best comments. All are good, if rightly used, and if none are neglected, none are abused."

Here is just an example or two of another kind of sayings in which his remarkable love of antithesis is illustrated:—

“I renewed the tickets at Winston, and my love to God and man the Lord renewed the same night.”

“A person at Sandown shut his door against us; my prayer was that the Lord might not shut the door of mercy against him.”

“While I was breaking the bread, the Lord was breaking the hearts of the people.”

“After a stormy passage I rejoiced to see the Isle of Wight, but I rejoiced much more that Heaven was right in view.”

“The friends at Margate have a neat little chapel called Bethel; may the Lord make it a Bethel to their souls.”

“I spoke to the ear of the mistress of the house, the Lord spoke to her heart.”

“A gentleman gave me some bread; I repaid his kindness by speaking to him of the *living bread* which came down from heaven.”

To a poor *blind* girl, he said, “But, oh, what a mercy that you can *see* Christ.”

Our task is completed, and our hope is, that the circulation of this little book may do something to influence the zeal of numerous workers in Christ’s vineyard. Reader, you are asked to glorify God in Mr. Bailey. The gift of such men to the Church is one of the greatest blessings that the glorified Saviour can bestow on it. He was strong, and of a good courage, and the Lord of Hosts was with him. In his words, which were “half-battles,” in his deeds of heroism and faith, and in the spirit which he diffused wherever he went, we have all the elements of true success, and some of the strongest guarantees of the progress of the race in the knowledge and love of God. Oh, that the

feeble in all churches may be as David, and the house of David as God. Oh, that Mr. Bailey's mantle may fall on a multitude of others who shall wage a successful warfare against sin, and win men everywhere back to holiness and God.

THE END.

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